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THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

From a Photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The characters Dickens has drawn are themselves so numerous that they would form a tolerably large public for a modest author. It is, therefore, no wonder that not only are all degrees and conditions of men to be found among them, but many of their physical afflictions. In reading his works, as I still often do, and never without pleasure, I derive an interest not previously experienced in the descriptions of those whom he has placed in the same sad position as my own. Mr. Omer, for example, of Yarmouth, seems quite a new acquaintance to me now I find myself in the same boat—or, rather, the same wheeled chair. "It is an ingenious thing, ain't it?" he remarked, polishing its elbow with his arm; "runs as light as a feather, and I tell you what, a most uncommon good chair to smoke in." He is described as radiant as if his chair, his asthma, and the failure of his limbs were the various branches of a great invention for enhancing the luxury of a pipe. What a lesson of cheerfulness would this old fellow teach me if only, alas! I had the good sense to learn it! "You'd be surprised at the number of people who looks in of a day to have a chat," he says. But I am not surprised; I know now what I never knew before: how tender and true are the hearts of one's friends, and how kind and unselfish is that human nature of which so much ill has been foolishly written. I protest I am ashamed that so unworthy a person as myself should evoke such goodness. What I envy in Mr. Omer is his making so light of his calamity—

"There's twice as much in the newspaper since I've taken to this chair as there used to be. As to general reading, dear me, what a lot of it I do get through! That's what I feel so strong, you know! If it had been my eyes, what should I have done? If it had been my ears, what should I have done? Being my limbs, what does it signify? Why, my limbs only made my breath shorter when I used 'em."

It is a sermon in a nutshell. Another character with whom, I regret to say, I am sometimes compared, is Mr. Smallweed, who called his wife "a brimstone chatterer," and threw his chair-cushions at her. This I protest I have never done. Still, I am told there are points of similarity, and certainly that old gentleman interests me much more than he used to do. I have a tendency to call people names when they do not anticipate my wishes, and then, feeling my impotence, to become fulsome: "My dear friends, will you shake me up a little?" It is quite extraordinary how much more charitable I am in my views of Mr. Smallweed and his proceedings than of old. The state of his limbs, poor gentleman, do not consort with his hasty temper; nor do mine. Without professing to have made a literary discovery, it seems strange that no one should have hitherto alluded to the increase of our appreciation of those characters in fiction whom the author has endowed with our own ailments.

How amazingly dull-eyed the folks must be who talk of chivalry as dead! I sometimes think they cannot read, since in every newspaper one sees described not only as gallant feats of arms as were ever performed, but rescues from fire and water effected under circumstances which deserve to be written in letters of gold. From the same class of person we hear that romance is also extinct, a statement not less ridiculous. They might just as well say that the sun does not shine as it used to do. An incident is reported to have just occurred in the Adriatic which may take rank for dramatic surprise with the discovery of Pompeii. The nets of the fishermen off the peninsula of Istria having been constantly injured by what seemed to be fragments of masonry, the authorities sent down a diver to investigate the matter. "At a depth of 90 ft. he found himself in a submerged city, with streets and squares laid out, the doors and windows of the half-ruined houses being almost hidden by seaweed." As a place of residence, it seems to have nothing to recommend it beyond a constant water-supply, but the finding of it is surely a romantic circumstance. Archaeologists identify it with the lost city of Cissa, as familiar, doubtless, to my readers as to myself through the pages of Pliny.

I am taken to task by a much better informed person than myself for speaking lightly of those who "make faces." A great physiognomist has declared that, "however men may ridicule the gesticulations and contortions which poets are apt to make in the act of composing, they greatly assist in putting the imagination in motion." A Latin poet has, indeed, compared them with those lashings of his tail which a lion gives before beginning business. My learned friend, however, agrees with me that, whatever the cause, it is not the least use to endeavour to break anyone of the habit.

Some members of the Wimborne Rural District Council have been severely taken to task for proposing that after three o'clock they should be permitted to have a little tobacco. The resolution was carried, but opposed upon the extraordinary ground that it would interfere with the transaction of affairs. I wonder whence the objector derived his information. I know of nothing that lubricates the wheels of business so much as tobacco. In old-fashioned establishments, of course, it is still forbidden, being supposed to be somehow disreputable, but the custom is growing in the City. I do not say that better

bargains, because that implies that somebody gets the worst of them, but more friendly arrangements are made over a cigar than in any other fashion. I have often had the pleasure of giving my Transatlantic friends a pleasant surprise in this way. "Perhaps," I would say with an affectation of apology, "you think a cigar is not business?" And they have invariably replied, "But indeed it is, and very good business," and before five minutes were over the preliminaries were generally settled. Literature, perhaps, lends itself to the combination of business and pleasure more than any other calling, except stockbroking, in which, I have noticed, luncheon is an important factor. What seems amiss with the Wimborne proposal is its extreme moderation. Three o'clock is too remote an hour from the midday meal to permit tobacco to produce its best and most intelligent effects upon the human mind.

It is a terrible thought that the public Press is being imposed upon, that the legs of our editors (who, in this connection, ought, like the Queen of Spain, to have no legs) are being pulled by some irreverent practical joker, yet one cannot but have suspicions of those letters in the papers about "a secret society at Cambridge." I cannot conceive even the dullest of undergraduates to be so utterly devoid of humour as to submit to be blindfolded and tied to table-legs, and have oaths of secrecy imposed upon him about nothing in particular. In my time, at all events, at Cambridge, though, like Mr. Foker, we were not clever—or, at least, not so clever as we thought ourselves—we had all some saving sense of fun. I doubt whether the most agreeable divine could have played such tricks upon us as are represented to have succeeded with a much later generation, though I quite understand the hoped-for convert accepting his invitation for "various meals," if they were good ones. The only secret society I remember in my undergraduate days was the Epigram Club, in which no eyes were bandaged and no oaths taken, but whose members kept silence about it from a commendable modesty. We had a suspicion that our literary productions were not first-rate, and preferred to confine them to a circle which would be kind to their defects as the members of it hoped for mercy in their turn. The epigrams, as we called them, were verses of a humorous kind, usually on some subject connected with the University course, and some of them, I regret to say, actually composed at times when the mind of the writer should have been otherwise employed. The secretary of the society, which, of course, was wound up after a term or two, carried away with him its reports, which are queer reading. Though the verses are not good, they have, considering the youth of the writers, some promise in them, some sprinkling of fun. One set is headed "Written in a Mathematical Examination," in which one gathers that the author did not distinguish himself—

I don't seem to think much of the probable station
That I shall take in this present examination:
I am by no means fully
Acquainted with "the Pulley,"
Nor is "the bent Lever" to be raised in my estimation:
It would a great deal more than tax all
My abilities to understand "the Axle";
And as for that huge "Wheel," I'm free to be broke on it
If I can see its beauty, though the lecturer spoke on it
(Which, if you observe the dash, is a joke on it).
Between that little "Power" and that huge "Weight"
I don't see any relation;
And the "Inclined Plane"—to me, at any rate—
Has shown not the slightest inclination.

And so on. The undergraduate Pegasus has a hard mouth, and rarely knows where to stop. Another member of the Epigram Club toys with Amaryllis, though by no means in the shade—

'Twas at the Swindon Station I bade my love adieu.
The time was but ten minutes. Good gracious! how they flew!
My heart was full, I scarce could speak, and yet so much to say,
And she would eat those sandwiches (for which I had to pay).
Some broken words: I scarce can think they could have met her ear:
"Then am I thine?" said I; and she "preferred some bitter beer."
And when I pressed to know the time, again my hopes were marred,
For when I said, "Your Guardians, love," she said, "My love, the Guard!"
Then as I placed her in her seat—ah, too delicious dream!—
Those hot drops on my hand—they were but letting off the steam.
And as I strove to kiss her hand, some wretch pulled up the glass.
Oh! such a man!—and Tunnels too! She would go second class.

There was a very lively poem "written during the theological examination"; but the author is alive, and the fear that it may not be considered "a privileged communication" forbids my adding to the gaiety of nations by producing it.

Considering the Bohemianism, in some cases accompanied by extreme poverty, that was of old so large a factor in literary life, few writers have ever joined the criminal classes. In New York, however, we now read that a "refined and intelligent personage," who has been a reviewer and leading-article writer in that respectable periodical the *Commonwealth*, has been "leading a dual life": instead of burning the midnight oil, as was charitably supposed in the improvement of his mind, "he has been

committing burglaries, single-handed, in more than fifty flats and residences in the fashionable Back Bay." There have been times when I have thought reviewers capable of anything, but I have never pictured them in the rôle of Bill Sikes. "Jabez Weathercock," the pen-name of an acquaintance of Charles Lamb and his literary circle, who wrote what were thought to be humorous papers to the *London Magazine*, was a murderer, but not in the bludgeon and revolver line. He only insured young ladies' lives and poisoned them to get the money. His name, as everyone knows, was Waineright—as, by-the-by, was that of a more recent murderer—and he had the honour of being the original of the villain in Dickens's "Hunted Down." Dickens was in Paris when the detectives were sent over to search Waineright's lodgings there, and the great novelist was present on that occasion. Waineright had been a favourite of the fair sex, and there was found, among other things, an album full of locks of hair (scalps), with the dates of his conquests.

It is strange that the laws of supply and demand should extend even to works of imagination; but it is certain that since the demand for historical novels set in there has been no want of them. A few years ago there were one or two which, contrary to all expectation, took the taste of the public, and now there are scores. Most of them, of course, like other novels, are failures; but many of them are meritorious, and some even excellent. It is doubtful whether the resuscitation of works of this class will conduce to the general study of history, but a good many persons must of late have been giving their attention to this branch of literature for the purposes of "cram" and "copy." It is really extraordinary in how many cases the authors have succeeded in catching the spirit of the time as well as its style. We live and move as we read in an old-world atmosphere, and come against quite surprisingly few anachronisms. The author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" is one of the most fortunate of these writers. The hero (*temp.* 1685) is in Leyden when a message comes to him, not by the two-pence half-penny post—there is no disillusioning shock of that kind—but by a messenger whose horse is "in a lather of spume," and who has only strength to gasp out: "Sir Julian, my master lies in Bristol jail. Hurry!" He adds in a thick, strangled voice, "Assizes—twenty-first—Jeffries," and then falls in a fit. Sir Julian Harnwood is our hero's best friend, and off he starts at once to his rescue. The mention of Jeffries, of whom we have had a great deal too much of late, naturally alarms the reader almost as much as Mr. Buckler; but the author is merciful to us: we have only a passing introduction to that romance-ridden Judge. Morrice arrives too late at Bristol, to find his friend cast for death on the morrow, and betrayed by his own fiancée, Miss Marston, in conjunction with her secret lover, Count Lukstein.

Henceforth our hero devotes himself to the destruction of that treacherous scoundrel with most praiseworthy and persevering diligence. Accompanied by a single friend, he follows him to his castle in the Tyrol, and arrives there, rather unseasonably (for the Count), on the very day of his marriage. The lady, however, is not Miss Marston, but another young person of far more entrancing beauty. He climbs in at a window and compels the Count to fight. In the middle of their duel the bride glides in, to the great embarrassment of them both; she is, however, walking in her sleep, and dead to all that is going on. The Count, less impressed than our hero, makes a dastardly lunge at him as he slips on the polished floor—

His sword whizzed an inch above my shoulder. I was still holding my own sword in my right hand, ere ever he could recover I lunged upwards at his breast with all my force, springing from the ground as I lunged to drive the thrust home. The blade pierced through his body until the hilt rang against the buttons of his coat. He fell backwards heavily, and I let go of my sword. The point stuck in the floor behind him as he fell, and he slid down the blade on to the floor. To my horror, I saw that Countess Lukstein was already returning across the lawn. The Count had fallen across the window, blocking it. I plucked my sword free, and lunged the body into the curtains at the side, cowering down myself behind it. I had just time to gather up his legs and so leave the entrance clear when she stepped over the sill. A little stream of blood was running to her, and I was seized with a mad terror lest it should reach her feet. She moved so slowly, and the stream ran so quickly. Every moment I expected to see the white of her slippers grow red with the stain of it. But she passed beyond the line of its channel just a second before it reached so far. With the same even gait she recrossed the room and turned into the little stairway, latching the door behind her.

This is such a dramatic scene that one fears the rest of the story will become insipid. On the contrary, it grows in interest, for the widowed Countess comes to England, where Morrice Buckler falls in love with her. As he knew he had killed her husband this seems a little "steep" in so highly principled a young gentleman; but in *temp.* 1685 folks were not sentimentally scrupulous. What would have deterred some people, or one of our author's readers, at all events, was the obvious danger of this course of proceeding, which was very much accentuated by the fact (if he had but known it) that the sole reason for the lady's coming to England was to discover and punish the individual who had made her a widow. It will be seen, therefore, that the courtship of Morrice Buckler was of no ordinary kind, and our author has taken full advantage of its unusual opportunities.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Once more Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie has shown his earnest desire to uplift the literary side of the drama. "The Sin of St. Hulda," recently produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is a far better written and more readable work than one finds at the playhouse in the ordinary course of events. It is earnest; it has given its author much thought and anxiety; and it is a move in the right direction. But, if he will excuse the liberty I take, I would warn this enthusiastic and clever gentleman against the false guides and counsellors who applaud him for being "unconventional," and pat him on the back for selecting a subject which was bound to be unpopular. This silly cuckoo cry about unconventionality, which really means an utter disregard of the grammar of dramatic art, is sufficiently ludicrous. Every art—painting, music, sculpture, and so on—has its convention, and those who disregard it are bound to fail. The dramatist can no more afford to disregard the rules of his trade than the painter, who must know how to draw, or the musician, who is bound to study the laws of harmony. But in these days it is considered eccentric and original to be obstinate. A certain class of critics praise eccentricity in the drama just as other equally eccentric critics rave about hideous paintings and ugly music. But the majority, and I think very properly, prefer beauty in all art to ugliness. They lean to imagination more than to realism. Some of our cleverest young dramatists are lured by this tricky will-o'-the-wisp and false light into the marsh and miasma of failure. The time has not come, and, in my humble opinion, never will come, when the conventional rules that have governed the drama for centuries will be set aside. I do not see what school of thought is likely to alter human nature, and the nearer a play approaches human nature the better it will be appreciated. No one would be rash enough, for instance, to propose or to assert that such authors as Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer Lytton, or W. G. Wills possessed the genius of a Lord Byron, an Alfred Tennyson, or a Robert Browning. And yet the first three were infinitely more successful than the last, because they had studied the trade of the theatre, which, to tell the truth, is not a very elevated trade. It has been abandoned again and again by men of letters whose minds soar to an ideal drama which will never come.

Why does "The Sign of the Cross," which does not profess much literary merit, please the playgoer more than "The Sin of St. Hulda," whose literary skill and care have been generally recognised? Simply because the one religious play has been fashioned by a dramatist who knows his trade and the other has not. Why do not Byron, Tennyson, and Browning succeed as well as Knowles, Lytton, and Westland Marston? Simply because the first three ignored the study of the stage and the last three did not. Why does Wilson Barrett succeed better than Stuart Ogilvie, both very ardent lovers of the stage? Because the first is a skilled artisan and the other is a clever amateur. There is the whole thing in a nutshell. But the author of "The Sin of St. Hulda" has increased the difficulty of his task by choosing a subject that was certain to be unpopular. I cannot recall a single play that was ever popular that had Puritans or Lutherans or Covenanters for heroes. Sardou's "Patrie" is a magnificent work, finely constructed, but I doubt if it would ever be popular in this country, simply on account of its subject. And even Mr. Stuart Ogilvie has to borrow the title of Saint for his Lutheran Salvation Army lass in order to give her a specious popularity. He has had to steal the fire of her faith from the very religion that is protested against; for if the Catholic religion does not preach "the faith" with pugnacity and persistency, what religion does? However, these views apart, the play at the Shaftesbury is well worth seeing, on account of the beautiful pictures of old Germany, soon after the fall of Luther; the superb dresses, designed by Mrs. Comyns Carr, which make the stage as interesting as the Munich Pinakothek; and the general acting, which is remarkably good. I have seldom seen Miss Kate Rorke to such advantage. She is earnest, impressive, majestic, and often inspired. Her death scene was so well acted that she gave her audience the thrill only felt when the acting is tinged with inspiration. I hope, by this time, this charming actress has abandoned the black skull-cap which was so disfiguring on the first night. It should have been blue, or red, or gold. Mr. Lewis Waller, a first-class elocutionist, and Mr. Charles Cartwright, a clever and experienced actor, did full justice to the pervert and the Catholic; but the acting that was as much enjoyed as any was that of Miss Annie Webster and Mr. H. Kemble, the one a pretty and charming hostess, and the other an amorous burgomaster. Miss Annie Webster's return to the stage will be received with acclamation, for she takes the lead at once in an important line of characters in which she has no rival. The Celias and Helens of our stage want such a pretty and winning representative as Miss Webster.

Miss Clo Graves won an instant success with her most amusing farce, "A Mother of Three," at the Comedy, and the theatre has been crowded ever since the first night. It

does not take long to spread the news of a clever and well-written play in London. Only a very dull dog indeed would refuse to laugh at the adventures of the delightful Fanny Brough when she masquerades as her own husband in order to favour the immediate future of her lovely but harassed "triplets." This is the best kind of comic acting, because the farce is always trembling on the confines of pathos. Miss Fanny Brough has full command of the notes of hilarity and despair. Miss Esmé Beringer once more comes to the front; Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Rose Leclercq are invaluable; and heredity once more conquers in the emphatic success of Annie Goward, who, of course, is a near relative of the incomparable Mrs. Keeley.

Mr. Arthur Roberts is a host in himself, and will not have much difficulty in working "Biarritz" into a successful comic opera. With Miss Phyllis Broughton and Kitty Loftus by his side, he has able and willing lieutenants to assist him in his enterprise.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, sent us from Assouan a few sketches of the scenes he had beheld on his way through Upper Egypt along the Nile, at Edfou and other points which are familiar to ordinary tourists; but on this occasion his views were accompanied with the observation of unusual incidents of military preparation for the movement of a large part of the Egyptian army, with its special equipment and stores, to Wady Halfa, a little below the Second Cataract, for the intended advance to Akasheh.

The Egyptian troops, which have been regularly trained for some years past under the command of British officers,



Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Princess Leopoldine of Ratibor.

Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: A GROUP OF CYCLISTS.

From a Photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

consist of two very different kinds of materials—namely, the "fellaheen," or peasantry of Egypt itself, a peculiar ancient race, distinct equally from the Arab and from the Ethiopian, laborious and submissive but never yet esteemed particularly warlike; and the Soudanese black race, whose fighting qualities are undoubted on whatever side they may be enlisted, while their fidelity, in a service which ensures them just treatment, has seldom failed. It is acknowledged that the fellaheen regiments have learned their drill perfectly. The men are tall, well-formed, well setup, and look very well on parade; they are well behaved and obedient; yet some of the persons acquainted with Egyptian military history in the past do not consider those troops entirely worthy of being relied upon in close fighting with the Dervishes, whose fierce rush in the battles near Souakin, where Colonel Valentine Baker was in command, the fellaheen were unable to withstand. The Sirdar, General Sir H. H. Kitchener, must certainly know best, and the result of a conflict is likely to depend very much upon the skill and judgment with which the different portions of his force will be employed, with the support of some battalions of British infantry, to execute the operations best suited to each of them in turn. It is now announced that General Sir Redvers Buller will go to Egypt towards the end of August, and will take the command of whatever force may proceed beyond Akasheh in the autumn months.

The advance posts on the Nile, which are Sarra, Semneh, Wady Atireh, Ambugol, Tanjur, and Akasheh, with the railway now under construction, will be easily held, in the meantime, against every possible attack. They have already been fortified and occupied by sundry battalions of black Soudanese troops, and by the Egyptian Guards' regiments, with field batteries of artillery and Maxim guns, under command of Colonel Hunter, at Akasheh. The nearest Dervish gathering, under a leader named Hammuda, known to Slatin Pasha, is at Suarda, fifty or sixty miles south of Akasheh, and is believed not to be exceedingly strong, but the exact numbers are still unknown.

THE SNOWDON RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

As in the present age, it must be supposed, we regard the financial promise of a limited liability company as the final cause of all things reputed grand or noble, shareholders and directors have spent £60,000 in constructing a railway, with five stations in a length of four miles and a half, from the village of Llanberis up to the huts on the lofty ridge between the twin superior peaks of Snowdon. The average gradient is 1 in 7.83, not unexampled in this kind of engineering; the locomotive engines and carriages are fitted with powerful brakes; the rails are laid 2 ft. 7½ in. apart, and the regulation speed is five miles an hour; fifty-six passengers can be carried. A central rail, furnished with a rack, worked upon a cog-wheel of the locomotive, should have been sufficient on this line with regard to safety. Unluckily, on the opening day, which was Monday, April 6, one of the trains, having gone up very well, met with a frightful accident in coming down. A mile from the summit, at a curve, the engine went off the rails. The driver and stoker jumped off the engine, and were not hurt when it leaped down the precipice of Clawdd Coch, into a gorge 300 ft. below. The ridge at this place, by which pedestrians or riders on ponies or donkeys usually ascend Snowdon from Llanberis, is for a quarter of a mile scarcely wider than eight feet, with no fence on either hand, with cliffs sheer down to the right and to the left. There were two carriages filled with passengers detached from the fallen engine; the brakes were promptly used to stop them, and with good effect; but two passengers, one of them Mr. Ellis Roberts, landlord of the Padarn Villa Inn at Llanberis, rashly sprang out of the carriage. They did not fall over the precipice, but Mr. Roberts broke his leg very badly. While the carriages remained standing on the line, a second train, with one carriage, following in the descent, caused fresh alarm, threatening a disastrous collision. But the second engine-driver put on

his brake, and there was no further serious mischief; only the first two carriages were gently pushed off the rails. Mr. Roberts, carried home, underwent amputation of his fractured leg, and died of the shock he had suffered. An official inquiry has been opened by Major Marindin, Railway Inspector for the Board of Trade.

CYCLING IN HYDE PARK.

What does the old-fashioned *habitué* of the Row think of the people who take wheel exercise in the Park every morning? He has been accustomed to lean gracefully against the rail and admire the fair equestrians. Now he finds the Row almost deserted, while in the adjoining drive the ladies who used to ride chestnuts, followed by grooms on coal-black steeds, are pedalling for dear life on bicycles, often with a "tiger" behind them mounted on a deferential machine. The change, as illustrated in the double-page Supplement we give this week, is certainly startling. Fashion has, for once, chosen a pastime in which a woman has to be regardless of grace. It will not be pretended that she looks as well on a bicycle as on horseback—that the cycling costume is as charming as the

riding habit. The cycling costume is still a vexed question. Skirt or knickerbockers? Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die! The ladies speak a great deal on the subject, and the battle of skirt and knickerbockers is waged in countless prints. Meanwhile, the fair cyclists in the Park wear the skirt for the most part; and the *habitué* has a mournful suspicion that the action of pedalling scarcely accords with the gracious folds of that garment. Yet this seems to give very little concern to the cyclists. They may not always be models of elegance. Some of them sit with rigid uprightness and a stony gaze. Others wear incongruous hats. The most expert scarcely suggest that ease and suppleness which might entitle them to be called the Diana Vernons of the cycling track. They are all rather mannered and a trifle awkward. Still, the general enjoyment is unmistakable; and perhaps the *habitué* of the Row will get accustomed to the novel spectacle, and even wax as enthusiastic over the pedal as he was over the stirrup.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF JOHANNESBURG.

The extraordinarily rapid growth of the town of Johannesburg and the continued expansion of its suburbs have rendered an increased water supply an imperative necessity. The Johannesburg Waterworks Company has now almost completed a scheme upon which it has for some time been engaged, and which will augment the supply by two million gallons per day. The water is to be brought from a great natural basin about eleven miles from the town, enclosed on three sides by hills and on the fourth by an enormous dam, which is now nearing completion. The necessary strength of the dam may be estimated from the fact that it will have to bank up more than 150,000,000 gallons of water. From this great basin the water will be pumped by powerful engines into a reservoir, from which it will again be raised into what is known as the High Service Reservoir at Doornfontein. The magnitude of the undertaking is much appreciated by the inhabitants of Johannesburg, who, on its accomplishment, will enjoy an abundance of spring water.

ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

The wedding of the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Princess Alexandra, with the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, which is to take place at Coburg on Monday next, April 20, is, according to the latest arrangements, to be a very brilliant affair. Coburg will, indeed, be given over to festivity for some days in honour of the occasion. To-day, Saturday, there is to be a State banquet at the Schloss, followed by a Court ball on a scale of great splendour. There are to be two Royal Command performances at the Opera, at one of which Wagner's "Rienzi" will be given. The wedding is fixed for ten o'clock on Monday morning, when the guests will form three processions from the Schloss to the Church. A large gathering of royal personages has assembled at Coburg for the ceremony. The German Emperor and Empress are there, and in the procession to the church the Emperor will accompany the Duchess of Coburg, the Empress being escorted by the Grand Duke of Hesse. The other royal guests will be the Duke and Duchess of York, who left England on Tuesday last in order to be present as the Queen's representatives; the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Leiningen, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Reuss, Prince and Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, and members of the royal bridegroom's family. For some time it was hoped that the Queen would travel from Cimiez to Coburg for the wedding; but her Majesty wisely decided to forego the fatigue of the journey. The ceremonial of the wedding is to be as similar as possible to that observed two years ago at the marriage of Princess Victoria Melita to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The service at the church will be followed by a State



THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Hereditary Prince
of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.Princess Alexandra
of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Hereditary Prince of
Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

breakfast. In the afternoon there is to be a reception, and after a State banquet the day's programme will conclude with the royal visit to the Opera. The wedding has excited a great deal of interest among the Duke of Coburg's subjects, and also among the many English people by whom he is still most generally remembered as the Duke of Edinburgh, for the simple, unaffected charm which Princess Alexandra shares with her sisters has made her a great favourite with all classes of society. The royal bridegroom has also won much popularity in Alsace-Lorraine, where he has for the last three years assisted his father, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, in his duties as Stadtholder, and in the Prussian army, of which he is a lieutenant. Prince Ernest has also earned approval in his discharge of the office of Imperial German Secretary of Legation. For the English public his marriage with the young Princess has an additional interest in the fact that he is a grandson of the Queen's half-sister, Princess Feodora of Leiningen.

We give some Illustrations of the royal party at Coburg, two of which illustrate Princess Alexandra's fondness for outdoor sports. Riding was until lately her favourite form of exercise, but cycling is now said to rival that recreation in her affections. The vogue of the wheel is by no means confined to London and Paris, but is raging with equal universality in Germany. This has been particularly noticeable during the past week at Coburg, where not even the romantic excitement accompanying the imminent approach of the wedding could wean the royal cyclists from what may almost now be called their pet diversion. Our portrait-group is an unmistakable proof of the hold which the wheel has taken upon the affections of even the highest society in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, where the Hereditary Prince and his sisters are devotees of the bicycle. The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg shares the enthusiasm of his bride's family for the popular pastime.



Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

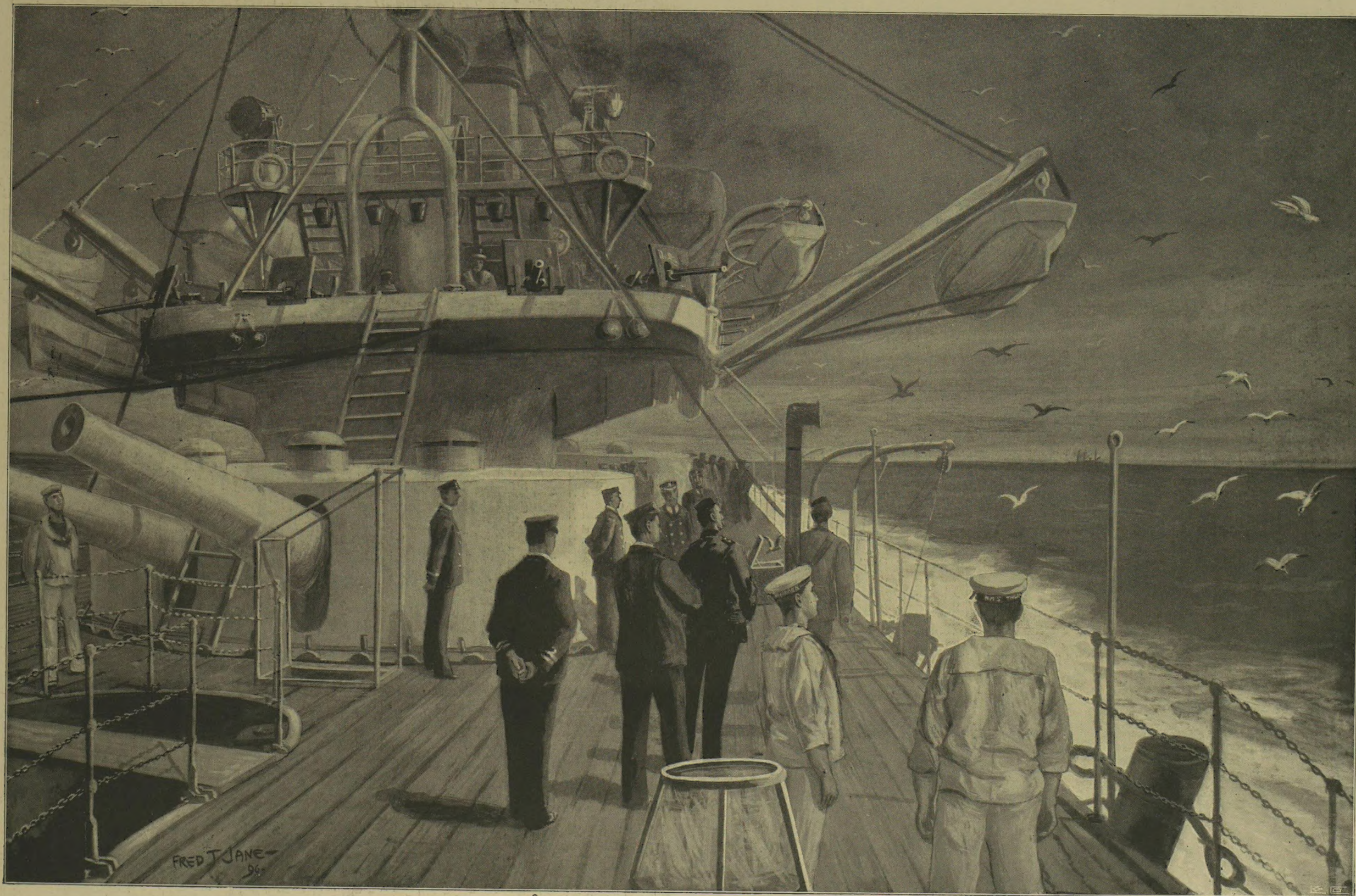
The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia.

A ROYAL GROUP AT COBURG.

From Photographs by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.



THE TRAINING OF NAVAL WAR MESSENGERS: CARRIER PIGEONS LEAVING A BATTLE-SHIP OFF PLYMOUTH.

The birds are released at a prearranged hour from a box placed on the deck; and the times of their flight are carefully taken. This method of communication would be of the utmost use in case of war. The cost of it, however, has to be defrayed entirely by the officers who are interested in it. It is customary now to release pigeons from every ship leaving Plymouth or Portsmouth so soon as she is well out in the Channel.

PERSONAL.

M. Tricoupi, who died at Cannes at the age of sixty-four, was the foremost Greek statesman of his generation.

He began life in the diplomatic service as an Attaché of the Greek Legation in London, and in 1863 he was Chargé d'Affaires. But diplomacy did not content his ambition. He entered the Greek Chamber as deputy for Missolonghi in 1865, became Foreign Minister in the following year, and from that time filled a

large space in the public life of Greece. His first effort at Cabinet-making was not successful, and his personal authority was not fully established till the popular disappointment at the failure of Greek aspirations after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 gave Tricoupi an opportunity to embark upon an original policy. He launched into schemes of financial and economic regeneration. They were in advance of the time, and they have proved a severe tax upon Greek resources; but they have given a notable impulse to the public spirit of Tricoupi's countrymen, who, although he had retired from public life, are deeply affected by his death.

The appointment of Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., to a County Court judgeship is said to have caused a commotion among the office-seekers who hold that appointments ought to go by political favour. Mr. Waddy is a Liberal, and he owes his new post to a Tory Lord Chancellor. Lord Halsbury has shown a commendable disregard of purely party considerations, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Waddy is an excellent public servant. This does not appease the grumblers, who say there are supporters of the Government quite as well qualified as Mr. Waddy to discharge the duties of a County Court judge.

A great sensation has been caused in Germany by the duel in which Herr von Kotze killed Baron Schrader, one of the Chamberlains of the Emperor Frederick. The duel is said to have received the sanction of the Emperor William, although duelling is contrary to the German law. By a peculiar code of "honour," Herr von Kotze is compelled to call out every official concerned in certain charges affecting his personal credit. An inquiry was made, and the charges disproved, and now the acquitted man has to fight his accusers in turn. He was wounded in the first duel, and has killed his opponent in the second. The irony of the business is that, although forced into this course by military opinion, he will undergo a nominal punishment as a law-breaker. As the Emperor is constantly appealing to Europe on behalf of religion and morality, he would do well to consider how far this code of "honour" consists with either.

Mr. W. E. Oates, F.R.G.S., late 2nd West Yorkshire Militia, of Gestingthorpe Hall, Essex, died on Good Friday, from typhoid fever, at Funchal, Madeira. An intrepid sportsman and traveller, Mr. Oates spent many years of his early life in prolonged expeditions in the Zulu country and other districts of South Africa then seldom visited, on the first of which he was accompanied by his brother, the late Mr. Frank Oates, the naturalist-traveller, who died of fever on his way back from the Zambesi. He had also travelled in the East and in America, and sailed as far north as Spitzbergen. Mr. Oates, who was fifty-four years of age when he died, was a member of an old Yorkshire family long resident in the West Riding; but some years ago he purchased the ancient manorial estate of Gestingthorpe, Essex, where he had since resided.

The Matabili revolt in the British South Africa Company's territories has already cost fifty or sixty lives

of white people, including some women and children, whose fate is most to be deplored. As for the troopers, police, and volunteers who may, unhappily, be killed or only wounded in fighting against these really formidable savages, we must consider that men could scarcely, whether or not regular soldiers, suffer or take the risk of death for a better cause than this; and it may well be imagined that Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, and the thirteen gallant officers who are soon to reappear before the magistrate at Bow Street, would prefer just now to be leading those formerly under their command in the



THE LATE M. TRICOUPÍ.

neighbourhood of Bulawayo. That honour, in their absence, has devolved upon Mr. Selous, Captain Brand, the Hon. Maurice Gifford, Captain Spreckley, Captain J. W. Lumsden, and others, whose deeds we all heartily approve and admire. The death of Captain Lumsden is to be regretted; nor will the case of Mr. Gifford, who has lost his right arm by needful amputation at the shoulder, in consequence of a rifle-bullet fracturing the bones, be denied its just meed of respectful sympathy. He is nearly thirty-seven years of age, one of several brothers of Lord Gifford, who is a director of the British South Africa Company, and who distinguished himself in the Zulu War of 1879, since which time his Lordship has held official appointments in West Australia and at Gibraltar. The Hon. Maurice Gifford, we believe, went to South Africa as a traveller, and recently became manager for the Bechuanaland Exploration Company. We are glad to hear that his recovery is going on favourably.

The Pope's letter to the *Daily Chronicle* on international arbitration is, perhaps, an academic expression of sympathy with an important movement; but it cannot fail to exercise a considerable influence upon public opinion. Unhappily, the quarrels of Christendom are not appeased by the exhortations of religion, and the present tension of European politics scarcely points to the establishment of a peaceful tribunal for the trial of international causes.

At the request of the Turkish Ambassador the French Government have expelled from Paris Ahmed Riza, conductor of a paper published there in Turkish in the interest of the Young Turkey party. Ahmed Riza will doubtless take up his residence in England, where there is a prejudice against the expulsion of political refugees. It is not quite clear what is gained either by France or by the Sultan by the removal of this Moslem agitator from Paris to London.

The victory of the Greek athlete in the Marathon race is the most notable incident of the Olympic games at Athens. Most of the prizes have been carried off by foreigners, chiefly Americans; but the Marathon race is dearest to Greek tradition, and by a happy stroke of fortune it remains a memorial of Greek prowess.

Mr. Samuel Kenneth Mackenzie, who has been killed by the Matabili at Shiloh, was a member of a well-known



Photo Lombardi, Pall Mall East.
THE LATE MR. S. KENNETH MACKENZIE.
Killed in Matabilland.

the Shangani River. On the rising of the Matabili he made his way with other European settlers to Bulawayo. From there he went out with the Hon. Maurice Gifford's handful of men to dislodge the Matabili. In the engagement he was shot through the head and died immediately. For his family and friends his death has the additional sadness of coming but a few months after that of his eldest brother, Mr. Willie Mackenzie, who was well known in sporting circles.

The concert—the first of a series of three—given on Monday night, April 13, at the Queen's Hall, with the band and under the direction of the famous French conductor, M. Lamoureux, was a great and brilliant success. From the beginning one could not sufficiently admire the cleanness of phrasing, the cleanness of tone, and the amazing unity of the whole orchestra. These qualities showed Wagner's great overture to "The Flying Dutchman" in splendid perfection; they made the Beethoven C Minor Symphony positively prostrating. We have never heard that great work to greater advantage. In later concerts we are to hear more Berlioz; but it is perhaps a pity that not more than one Beethoven Symphony has been announced.

The Drury Lane opera season goes merrily along. On Saturday, April 11, quite an excellent performance of "Tannhäuser" was given. Madame Duma was the Elizabeth, and sang very prettily indeed. We are not sure that she was the ideal Elizabeth of Wagner; but she amply carried out all her own intentions as to the part. Mr. E. C. Hedmond was Tannhäuser, and succeeded better with his acting than with his singing; Mr. Hedmond's voice is so capricious that you can never be sure of him on any particular occasion; he sings so well at times that you wonder he can be so ineffective at other times. Mr. Bispham's Wolfram was masterly; the other parts were well sustained, and the band, under Signor Mancinelli, played excellently well.

On Monday afternoon, April 13, M. Sapellnikoff gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall, which was attended by an admiring and enthusiastic audience. For our part, we quite sufficiently admire M. Sapellnikoff to express our frank opinion upon him. His technique is superb—of that let there be no doubt; and he played a Berceuse by Chopin with exquisite fineness, for the most part; but his touch is just a little vague, and it lacks resonance, a fault which came out somewhat prominently in his rendering of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses." Still, he is, in many respects, an extremely fine player, and has a good fund of sound musical feeling which but rarely deserts him.

Mr. Frederic Nicholls Crouch, the composer of the song "Kathleen Mavourneen," which has attained a

world-wide popularity, has lately died in Baltimore, U.S.A., at the ripe age of eighty-eight. Mr. Crouch was born in London, and in early life studied music at the then recently established Academy. For a time he was a member of the Drury Lane orchestra, and subsequently became

a musical critic of the *Metropolitan Magazine* under Captain Marryat's editorship. It was for this journal that Mrs. Crawford wrote the verses of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which so struck Mr. Crouch's fancy that he set them to music. The song was first introduced to the public at Plymouth, where its composer one morning unexpectedly found himself advertised to sing it at a concert, after having sung it in private to an influential music publisher over night. Later on the composer entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine as Precentor. A volume of his songs was published and obtained much popular favour. In 1849 Mr. Crouch went to America, where he introduced Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and other modern compositions. When the war broke out he joined the Confederate Army. After many vicissitudes he spent a peaceful old age in Baltimore, cheered by the popularity of his songs. His Irish sympathies were strong to the last.

The family of Richard Wagner have unsuccessfully striven to prevent a tradesman named Wagner from using the lineaments of the great composer as a trademark. The leonine head of Richard Wagner now figures on boxes which contain articles for domestic use. If this is ignominy it is no more than the experience of Shakspeare, whose mild and uncomplaining bust has advertised a multitude of things which are wholly unconnected with poetry.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has refused an American commission to write an article on the question "Why America could not conquer England." He says this could be treated only by a statement of British resources, as to which no Englishman has any "information for sale." This patriotic attitude is commendable, though the reasons why an American conquest of England is impossible are obvious enough without the divulging of any important secrets. Mr. Kipling was offered a large sum for the article. He might have answered the question put to him in a single sentence without making any charge.

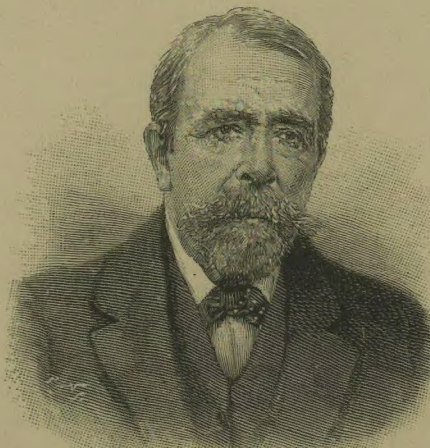
Lord Byron sings of—

Thy cliffs, dear Dover, harbour and hotels,
Thy Custom-house with all its delicate duties—

but to the hurried traveller through Dover there is but one hotel—the stately pile which overlooks harbour and pier and is known as the Lord Warden. The list of people who have at one time or another paid the Lord Warden a visit during the twenty or thirty years of its existence would make up a veritable "Almanach de Gotha." It is not without interest, therefore, that the famous hostelry—if that name can be applied to so dignified a building—has been taken over by the Gordon Company, to which also belong the Métropole at Brighton, the Métropole and Victoria of London, and so many other famous hotels.

An artist of some distinction has passed away in the person of Mr. E. Killingworth Johnson, who died suddenly

on April 7 at the age of seventy-one. Mr. Johnson first came into public notice nearly half a century ago as a black-and-white artist of the old school, whose drawings were made on wood ready for the engraver's process. One of the most important of his earlier drawings was a bird's-eye view of Edinburgh,



THE LATE MR. E. K. JOHNSON.

which appeared in *The Illustrated London News*, which numbered him amongst its early contributors. His work was prominent in many illustrated publications throughout a long term of years. As an artist in water-colours and in oils, he won considerable success with a number of pictures marked by much grace and refinement of feeling, if by no very great power. A notable feature of his work was an admirable treatment of flowers and foliage. Mr. Johnson was a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at whose exhibitions he was constantly represented.



THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD,
Wounded in Matabilland.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Sunday afternoon visited the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury at their villa at Beaulieu, near Nice, and took tea with them; the Queen on Saturday drove out with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children along the Cornice Road; on Friday her Majesty visited the Empress Dowager of Russia at La Turbie. The Duchess of Albany visited the Queen on Monday. Her Majesty is expected to leave the Riviera on April 29 on her way home.

The Prince of Wales has returned to England from Cannes, arriving in London on Monday, after staying in Paris, on his way, since Friday. The Duke of Cambridge also has returned.

The Duke and Duchess of York left home on Tuesday to attend the princely wedding at Coburg. On Thursday, April 9, they went to Brighton, and took part in the meeting of the National Union of Teachers, under the presidency of Mr. Macnamara, at the Royal Pavilion. The Mayor, Alderman J. G. Blaker, with the other members of the Corporation, presented an address of welcome to their Royal Highnesses at the railway station. The Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sussex, the Marquis of Abergavenny, was also present, and Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P., Chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The Duke and Duchess, after the proceedings at the Teachers' Conference, where her Royal Highness received purses of money given for the benefit of orphans and other objects of a charitable fund, drove to Preston Park, and there heard the National Anthem sung by eight thousand Sunday-school children. Their Royal Highnesses stayed in Brighton as the guests of Mr. Reuben Sassoon, in Queen's Gardens, until Saturday. They visited on Friday the Police Constables' Seaside Home and the Hove Dispensary, and attended a performance at the theatre in aid of the Mayor's Hospital Fund.

A large scheme for the consolidation, extension, and improvement of the tramways in London has been propounded by a syndicate representing many capitalists and financiers, who solicit the aid of the London County Council, and would also require the consent of Parliament. It is proposed to take a lease for twenty-eight years of all the lines belonging to the County Council and to existing companies, paying a fixed yearly rental sufficient to provide loan-capital for their purchase at full value, and to work them more profitably than has yet been done, especially by introducing electric power, and by constructing underground lines. The intending subscribers to the syndicate must look after their own stake in so vast an undertaking; but the interests of the public, the County Council, the ratepayers, and tram-car passengers will have to be duly considered.

The interview at Venice on Saturday between the German Emperor William II. and King Humbert of Italy, immediately followed by the German Emperor's visit to the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, is considered to be of high political importance with regard to the renewal of the Triple Alliance, or its prolongation for six years. The Emperor and Empress came from Sicily up the Adriatic to Venice on board the imperial steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, while the King and Queen of Italy, with the Crown Prince, came from Rome. The Italian Premier, the Marquis di Rudini, and the Duke of Sermoneta, Minister of Foreign Affairs, were present at interviews between the two sovereigns. This was the fifth visit of William II. to King Humbert on Italian soil. On Monday evening the imperial party started by railway for Vienna, where the German Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, had already arrived. The Emperor Francis Joseph received them with the greatest cordiality. There were high Court festivities on Tuesday, and a great review of the Austrian army on Wednesday.

At Berlin, unhappily, in the absence of his Majesty, the royal or imperial Court has been troubled with a fatal duel, arising out of a gross and disgraceful social scandal, the sending of insulting anonymous post-cards to several ladies of high rank. Herr von Kotze, who held the office of Master of the Ceremonies, challenged and fought Baron von Schrader, another Court official, and the latter, receiving a pistol wound, died next day.

The Matabili insurrection has been attended with sharp fighting in the past week. The Hon. Maurice Gifford, in the Shiloh district twenty miles north of Buluwayo, was, five times in four days, engaged in close conflict with large bands of the native rebel tribes. On April 6, at Fonseca's Farm, he received a bullet in his right shoulder, and his arm has been amputated since his return to the town, but he is recovering from the injury. Corporal Ernest Reynolds and a trooper named Mackenzie were killed; and Mr. James Lumsden, shot in the leg, has died after an amputation of the limb at Buluwayo. The fighting continued four hours, the white men being sheltered in a laager. Captain Brand's party, sent to relieve Gwenda, was attacked on April 10 by a large force of the enemy armed with Martini rifles; five of his troopers were killed and sixteen wounded; the Matabili lost about a hundred and fifty killed and nearly four hundred wounded. The main body of insurgents occupies a position in the Matoppos hills, south-west of Buluwayo, with ample supplies

of cattle and grain. The number of white people massacred at the outbreak of the revolt is officially reckoned at forty-five, including women and children. Colonel Plumer has started from Mafeking with five hundred men, sent by the Cape Government as reinforcements for Buluwayo. Sir Hercules Robinson is also sending up three hundred of the 7th Hussars; while two hundred and fifty Mounted Infantry are coming up from Capetown and from Natal. A troop of Basutos will be enlisted.

The five leading members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, who underwent a lengthened preliminary judicial examination at Pretoria after their arrest in January last, upon the charge of conspiring to overthrow



Photo Sassano.

BARON ECKHARDSTEIN.



Photo Sassano.

MISS BLUNDELL MAPLE.

THE WEDDING OF MISS BLUNDELL MAPLE.

the Government of the South African Republic and preparing troops and armaments for an insurrection connected with Dr. Jameson's expedition, have been committed to take their trial for high treason. A judge from the High Court of the Orange Free State is invited to try the case. At Kimberley, in the Cape Colony, Mr. Gardner Williams, manager of the De Beers mining company, has been committed for trial for illegally storing and conveying arms and ammunition belonging to the British South Africa Company into the Transvaal.

The Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, in his speech at the opening of the Colonial Legislature on April 8, expressed his profound regret at the recent unforeseen and untoward invasion of a friendly neighbouring State, the South African Republic, and earnestly deprecated all possibility of a conflict between the two European races, the English and the Dutch, who are responsible for civilisation in South Africa, and for needful control over its vast native population.

At the opening, on the same day, of the Volksraad of the Orange Free State, President Steyn said he cherished the hope that there would be a full and impartial investigation into the conspiracy against the sister Republic, with

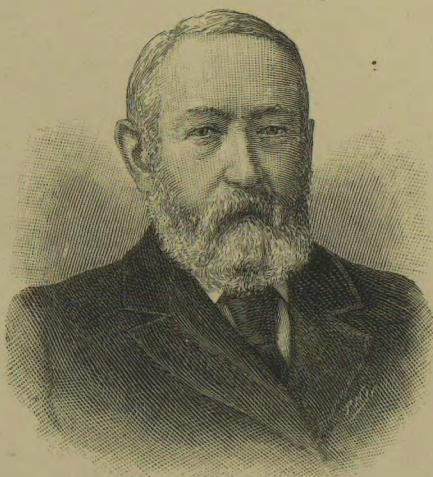


Photo Gilbert, New York.

THE HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON.



Photo Gilbert, New York.

MRS. HARRISON.

THE WEDDING OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

punishment of its chief conspirators. He had pleasure in announcing that steps had been taken by the Chartered Company to prevent such incursions in future. A conference would soon be held upon the question of closer union between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

The mail steamer *Bonny* has reached Liverpool from Cape Coast, bringing home among her passengers Lieutenant Clements, who, it will be remembered, was in charge of the arrangements for the transport of stores and ammunition to and from Coomassie during the recent expedition. Lieutenant Clements found the return journey from the Ashanti capital beset with difficulties. The native carriers who volunteered so readily for the original transport of the stores from Cape Coast seem to have tired of service, and deserted in large numbers. The result was that two journeys had to be made from Coomassie to the coast for the necessary conveyance of all the stores. Sir William Maxwell, whose services as Governor of Cape Coast Castle have been recognised by the honour of knighthood, is about to sail for England. That the natives are settling down peaceably under English rule may be concluded from the fact that Major Pigott is going to make a voyage to the Canary Islands before taking up his duties as Acting British Resident in Coomassie. During his absence District Commissioner Cummings will represent him at the Ashanti capital.

PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have renewed their labours after the Easter recess with the zest which is expressed chiefly by the demand for more time. Before Easter they appropriated Fridays. Now they insist upon Tuesday morning sittings. This procedure, as Sir William Harcourt said, is practised by every Ministry, and is always opposed. It is absolutely essential to the Government business, and it is resented by private members who profess to believe that Government business is of less importance than the legislation proposed by gentlemen who do not sit on the Treasury bench. With such a legislative programme as they have proposed for the Session, the

Government are quite justified in taking more time. There would be no reasonable ground of complaint if they were to appropriate every day for the rest of the Parliamentary year. Two such measures as the Education Bill and the Irish Land Bill demand the undivided energies of the House of Commons. Mr. Gerald Balfour explained the provisions of the Land Bill in a long but very lucid speech. The chief feature of the measure is a large extension of the principle of land purchase. The financial arrangements for this purpose will extend over a period of thirty years: so it cannot be said that ample time is not allowed for the experiment. The famous Thirteenth Clause of the Land Purchase Act of 1891 is to be re-enacted for a period of twelve months. This will enable the Land Court to facilitate the reinstatement of evicted tenants. The vexed question of tenants' improvements, which has been the subject of litigation since the Act of 1881, will be dealt with by the Land Court on the principle of allowing to the tenant the value of all improvements directly traceable to his industry, and of dividing

equitably between the landlord and tenant the increased letting value of the land. This compromise is likely to afford matter for prolonged debate.

THE WEDDING OF BARON ECKHARDSTEIN AND MISS BLUNDELL MAPLE.

The marriage season has opened in most auspicious fashion this week with a wedding of more than ordinary interest. Sir John Blundell Maple is so popular a figure in the House of Commons, on the Turf, and as the Squire of Childwickbury, in Hertfordshire, and so thorough an all-round sportsman, that the marriage of Miss Maple, "sole daughter of his house and heart," to Baron Eckhardstein, of the German Embassy, brought countless felicitations even when the first announcement of the engagement was made a few months ago, and these felicitations were renewed with ten-fold cordiality when, on Wednesday last, the marriage duly took place in the stately Abbey of St. Albans. We give portraits of both the bride and the bridegroom. Miss Maple, who is a tall, handsome girl, is highly accomplished and has all the healthy tastes and love of outdoor sport which distinguish the Englishwoman of to-day as of old; and, as all the world knows, she will one day be a great heiress. Miss Maple is very popular in society, and has received a large number of handsome presents. Her bridesmaids were Miss Barron, Miss Fowler, the Hon. Eily Blake, Miss Arnold, and Miss Blumenthal, and she was given away by her father.

Baron Eckhardstein, the bridegroom, is well known in society, both in London and Berlin, as he has for a considerable period been connected with the German Embassy in London. His good looks and charm of manner have made him a general favourite, and he, too, has received congratulations innumerable upon his marriage.

Diplomatists assembled at the wedding of their colleague in strong force, travelling to St. Albans by a special train, the only foreign Ambassadors who were absent being the French and American representatives, Baron de Courcel and Mr. Bayard. The Baron's best man was Count Perponcher, and, after the wedding breakfast given by Sir John and Lady Maple at Childwickbury, Baron and Baroness Eckhardstein left for the Continent, en route for the château of the Duke of Alba, near Seville, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

MARRIAGE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Considerable interest was aroused in New York society by the marriage of the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, and Mrs. Dimmick, which took place last week. The bride is a niece of Mr. Harrison's first wife. Her father, Mr. Russell Lord, was a well-known capitalist who ultimately lost most of his wealth. She was married when quite a girl to Mr. Dimmick, the son of a rich Pennsylvanian, who died of typhoid fever ten days after the wedding, leaving his widow a large fortune. Mrs. Dimmick was a frequent guest at the White House during Mr. Harrison's period of office as President, and during the prolonged ill-health of her aunt, the late Mrs. Harrison, discharged many of the duties which naturally fall to the lot of the President's wife. Years ago, before there was any idea of marriage, Mr. Harrison expressed his admiration for the lady who has now become his wife by describing her as that *rara avis*, a woman who knew not only how but when to talk. Mr. Harrison is said to have no intention of ever seeking re-election.



1895- GABRIEL-FERRIER

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"HOPE."

From the Painting by M. Gabriel Ferrier.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

V.

THE SYNOD.

As most of Mrs. Cliff's business in New York was now finished, and as she and Willy were waiting there only for the yacht to be made ready for sea, she had a good deal of time on her hands.

On the Saturday following her decision to make a trial trip on the *Summer Shelter*, when returning from the daily visit to the yacht, Mrs. Cliff stepped in at a Brooklyn church in which a synod was at that time convened. She had read of the proceedings of this body in the papers, and as the deliberations concerned her own denomination, she thought she would be interested in them. Willy, however, preferred to go on by herself to New York, as she had something to do there which she thought would be more to her taste than the proceedings of a synod.

It was not long after she had been seated in the church that Mrs. Cliff began to regret that she had not attended some of the earlier meetings, for the questions debated were those in which she took an interest.

After a time she saw near her Mrs. Arkwright, a lady who had visited Plinton some years before, and with whom she had then become acquainted. Joining her, Mrs. Cliff found Mrs. Arkwright able to give her a great deal of information in regard to the members of the synod, and, as the two sat and talked together in whispers, a desire arose in the mind of Mrs. Cliff that she and her wealth might in some way join in the work in which all these people were engaged. As her mind rested upon this subject there came into it a plan that pleased her. Here were all these delegates, many of them looking tired and pale, as if they had been hard-worked during the winter, and here was she, the mistress of the *Summer Shelter*, about to take a trip to warm and sunny regions with an almost empty vessel.

As soon as the meeting adjourned Mrs. Cliff, accompanied by Mrs. Arkwright, made her way to the front where many of the members were standing together, and was introduced by her friend to several clergymen with whom Mrs. Arkwright was acquainted. As soon as possible Mrs. Cliff referred to the subject which was upon her mind, and informed the gentlemen with whom she had just been acquainted that if they thought well of it she would like to invite a party of those delegates who cared for such an excursion at this season to accompany her on a short trip to the West Indies. Her vessel would easily accommodate twelve or fifteen of the gentlemen, and she would prefer to offer her invitation first to the clerical members of the synod.

The reverend gentlemen to whom this offer was made were a little surprised by it; but they could not help considering it was a most generous and attractive proposition, and one of them undertook to convey the invitation to some of his brethren.

Although the meeting had adjourned, many of the delegates remained for a considerable time, during which Mrs. Cliff's invitation was discussed with lively appreciation, some of the speakers informing her that if they could make the arrangements necessary for their pulpits and their families during a short absence, they would be delighted to accept her invitation. The synod would finally adjourn on the next Tuesday, and she was promised that before that time she would be informed of the exact number of guests she might expect.

The next morning, when Mr. Burke appeared to accompany the ladies to the yacht, he found Willy Croup alone in their parlour.

"Do you know what's happened?" cried Willy, springing toward him as he entered. "Of course you don't, for Mrs. Cliff is going to give the first country week on the *Summer Shelter* to a synod."

"To a what?" cried Burke.

"A synod," explained Willy; "it's a congregation—I mean a meeting, mostly of ministers, come together to settle church matters. She invited the whole lot of them, but, of course, they all can't come, for there are more than a hundred of them; but there will be about a dozen who can sail with us next Wednesday!"

Mr. Burke's jaw dropped. "A dozen ministers!" he exclaimed. "Sail with us! By George! Miss Croup, will you excuse me if I sit down?"

"You know," said Willy, "that the *Summer Shelter* was bought for this sort of thing—that is, to do good to people who can't get sea-voyages in other ways. And if Mrs. Cliff takes out poor children from the slums and hard-working shop-girls and seamstresses, why shouldn't she take hard-working ministers, and give them some fresh air and pleasure?"

"A dozen ministers!" groaned Mr. Burke. "I tell you, Miss Croup, I can't take them in!"

"Oh, there'll be room enough!" said Willy, mistaking his meaning, "for Mrs. Cliff says that each of those little rooms will easily hold two."

"Oh, it isn't that!" said Burke, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon a chair near him as if it had been something to look at. "But twelve ministers coming down on me so sudden rather takes me aback, Miss Croup!"

"I don't wonder," said Willy, "for I don't believe a synod ever went out yachting before in a bunch!"

Mr. Burke rose and looked out of the window. "Miss Croup," said he, "do you remember what I said about mixing fun and charity in these cruises? Well, I guess we'll have to take our charity straight this time."

But when Mrs. Cliff had come in and had talked with animation and enthusiasm in regard to her plan, the effects of the shock which Mr. Burke had received began to wear off.

"All right, Madam," said he, "you're owner and I'm captain, and I'll stand by you. And if you take it into your head to ship a dozen popes on the *Summer Shelter*



Although the meeting had adjourned, many of the delegates remained for a considerable time, during which Mrs. Cliff's invitation was discussed.

"I'll take them where you want them to go to, and I'll bring them back safe. I suppose we'll have all sorts of customers on the *Summer Shelter* this season, and if we've got to get used to queer passengers a synod will do very well to begin with. If you'll find out who's going and will write to them to be on hand Tuesday night, I'll see that they're taken care of."

Mrs. Cliff's whole heart was now in the projected cruise of the *Summer Shelter*. When she had thought of it with only Willy and herself as passengers she could not help considering it was a great extravagance. Now she was going to begin her series of sea trips in a fashion far superior and more dignified than anything yet thought of. To be able to give such an invitation to a synod was something of which she might well be proud; and she was proud.

VI

A TELEGRAM FROM CAPTAIN HORN.

It was early Tuesday morning, and Mrs. Cliff and Willy, having just finished their breakfast, were busily engaged in packing the two trunks they proposed taking with them, and the elder lady was stating that although she

"He's in Mexico," said Burke, "and the telegram was as long as a letter—that's one advantage in not being obliged to think of what things cost—and he told Shirley a lot."

"How did he say they were?" asked Mrs. Cliff eagerly; "or did he say anything about Mrs. Horn? Are they well?"

"Oh! I expect they're all right," said Burke, "but I don't think he treated that subject. It was all about that gold, and the part of it that was to go to Peru."

"When the business of dividing up the treasure was settled in London in the way we all know about, word was sent to the Peruvian Government to tell them what had happened, and to see what they said about it. And when they heard the news they were a good deal more than satisfied—as they ought to have been, I'm sure—and they made no bones about the share we took. All they wanted was to have their part sent to them just as soon as could be; and I don't wonder at it, for all those South American countries are as poor as beggars, and if any one of them got a sum of money like that it could buy up all the others, if it felt like spending the money in that way!"

"Those Peruvians were in such a hurry to get the

America would have turned train-robber. Anyway, the agents over there got the *Dunkery Beacon* to sail a little before her regular time.

"Now, here comes the point! They actually shipped a hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of pure gold on a merchant steamer that was going on a regular voyage, and would touch at Jamaica and Rio Janeiro on account of her other freight, instead of buying her outright or sending her on the straightest cruise she could make for Lima! Just think of that! More than that, this business was talked about by the Peruvian agents, while they were trying to get the earliest steamer possible for it, so that it was heard of in a good many more ports than one."

"Well, this steamer with all the gold on board sailed just as soon as it could; and the very next day our London bankers got a telegram from Paris from the head of a detective bureau there to tell them that no less than three small steamers were fitting out in the biggest kind of hurry to go after that slow merchant steamer with the millions on board!"

Mrs. Cliff and Willy uttered a simultaneous cry of horror. "Do you mean they're pirates and are going to steal the gold?" cried Mrs. Cliff.



Mr. Burke burst—actually burst—without knocking, into the room.

was perfectly willing to dress in the blue flannel suit which had been ordered, she was not willing to wear a white yachting-cap, although Willy urged that this was the proper thing, as they had been told by the people where they had bought their yachting suits; and Mrs. Cliff was still insisting that, although it would do very well for Willy to wear a white cap, she herself would wear a hood—the same kind of a hood which she had worn on all her other voyages, which was more like a bonnet and more suitable to her on that account than any other kind of head covering, when Mr. Burke burst—actually burst—without knocking, into the room. His silk hat was on the back of his head, and he wore no overcoat.

"Mrs. Cliff," he exclaimed, "I've just seen Shirley. You remember Shirley?"

"Indeed I do," said Mrs. Cliff. "I remember him very well, and I always thought him to be a remarkably nice man. But where did you see him, and what in the world did he tell you to throw you into such a flurry?"

"He said a lot to me," replied Burke, "and I'll try to make as straight a tale of it as I can. You see, about a week ago, Shirley got a telegraphic message from Captain Horn."

"Captain Horn!" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff. "Where is he, and what did he say?"

treasure that they wouldn't agree to have the gold coined into money, or to be sent a part at a time, or to take drafts for it; but they wanted it just as it was as soon as they could get it, and as it was their own nobody could hinder them from doing what they pleased with it. Shirley and I have made up our minds that most likely the present Government thought that they wouldn't be in office when the money arrived if they didn't have it on hand in pretty short order, and, of course, if they got their fingers on that treasure they could stay in power as long as they pleased.

"It is hard to believe that any Government could be such fools, for they ordered it all to be shipped on an ordinary merchant vessel, an English steamer, the *Dunkery Beacon*, which was pretty nigh ready to sail for Lima. Now, any other Government in this world would have sent a man-of-war for that gold, or some sort of armed vessel to convoy it, but that wasn't the way with the Peruvians. They wanted their money, and they wanted it by the first steamer which could be got ready to sail. They weren't going to wait until they got one of their cruisers over to England—not they."

"The quickest way, of course, would have been to ship it to Aspinwall, and then take it by rail to Panama, and from there ship it to Lima, but I suppose they were afraid to do that. If that sort of freight had been carried overland they couldn't have hindered people from finding out what it was, and pretty nearly everybody in Central

"Of course they are!" continued Burke. "And I don't wonder at it! Why, I don't believe such a cargo of gold ever left a port since the beginning of the world! Such a thing as that is enough to tempt anybody with the smallest streak of rascal blood in him who could get hold of a ship."

"Well, these three vessels were fitting out as hard as they could—two in France, at Toulon and Marseilles, and one in Genoa, and although the detectives were almost positive what their business was, they were not sure that they could get proof enough to stop them. If the *Dunkery Beacon* had been going on a straight voyage, even to Rio Janeiro, she might have got away from them, but, you see, she was going to touch at Jamaica."

"And now, now—this very minute—that slow old steamer and those three pirates are on the Atlantic ocean together! Why, it makes your blood creep to think of it!"

"Indeed, it does. It's awful!" cried Mrs. Cliff. "And what are the London people going to do?"

"They're not going to do anything, so far as I know," said Burke. "If they could get through with the red tape business necessary to send any sort of a cruiser or war-vessel after the *Dunkery Beacon* to protect her—and I am not sure that they could do it at all—it would be a precious long time before such a vessel would leave the English Channel. But I don't think that they'll try anything of that sort. All I know is that the London people sent a

cable message to Captain Horn. I suppose that they thought he ought to know what was likely to happen, considering he was the head man in the whole business."

"And what did the Captain do?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "What could he do?"

"I don't know," answered Burke. "I expect he did everything that could be done in the way of sending messages; and among other things he sent that telegram—about a thousand words, more or less—to Shirley. He might have telegraphed to me, perhaps, but he didn't know my address, as I was wandering around. But Shirley, you know, is a fixture in his shipyard, and so he sent it to him."

"I haven't a doubt," said Mrs. Cliff, "that he would have telegraphed to you if he had known where you were."

"I hope so," said Burke. "And when he had told Shirley all that had happened, he asked him to pull up stakes and sail by the first steamer he could catch for Jamaica. There was a chance that he might get there before the *Dunkery Beacon* arrived, or while she was in port, and then he could tell everything to make her captain understand that he needn't be afraid to lose anything on account of his ship stopping in Kingston Harbour until arrangements could be made for his carrying his gold in safety to Lima. Captain Horn didn't think that the pirates would try to do anything before the *Dunkery Beacon* left Kingston. They would just follow her until she got into the South Atlantic, and then board her, most likely."

"Captain Horn said that he was going to Jamaica too; but as he didn't know how soon he would be able to sail from Vera Cruz, he wanted Shirley to go ahead without losing a minute. And then Shirley telegraphed to me at Plainton, thinking I was there and that I ought to know all about it, and the people there took so long forwarding it that I did not get it until yesterday evening, and then I rushed around to where Shirley was staying, and got there just in time to catch him, for the next steamer to Jamaica sailed early this morning. But he had plenty of time to tell me everything."

"The minute he got the Captain's telegram he just dropped everything and started for New York. And I can tell you, Mrs. Cliff, I'd have done the same, for I don't know what I wouldn't do to get the chance to see Captain Horn again."

"And you wanted to go with Mr. Shirley?" said Mrs. Cliff, with an eager light in her eyes.

"Indeed, I did!" said Burke; "but, of course, I wouldn't think of such a thing as going off and leaving you here with that yacht on your hands, and no knowing what you would do with the people on board, and everything else. So I saw Shirley off about seven o'clock this morning, and then I came to report to you."

"That was too much to expect, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff, "but it was just like you, and I shall never forget it. But, now tell me one thing—is Mrs. Horn going to Jamaica with the Captain?"

"I don't know," said Burke, "but of course she must be—he wouldn't leave her alone in Mexico."

"Of course she is!" cried Mrs. Cliff. "And Mr. Shirley will see them! And oh! Mr. Burke, why can't we see them? Of all things in the world I want to see Edna, and the Captain, too! And why can't we go straight to Jamaica in the *Summer Shelter* instead of going

anywhere else? We may get there before they all leave. Don't you think we could do that?"

The eyes of Captain Burke fairly blazed.

"Do it!" he cried, springing to his feet. "I believe we can do it; at any rate, we can try. The same as you, Madam, I would do anything in the world to see Captain Horn, and nobody knows when we'll have the chance. Well, Madam, it's all the plainest kind of sailing; we can get off at daylight to-morrow morning, and if that yacht sails as they told me she sails, I believe we may overhaul Shirley, and perhaps we will get to Kingston before any of them. And now I've got to bounce around, for there's a good deal to be done before nightfall."

"But what about the synod?" asked Willy Croup.

"I can explain the case to them, and I don't see why they should not be satisfied. And as for me, nobody could be more willing than I am to give pleasure to these ministers, but I don't believe that I could give up seeing Edna and Captain Horn for the sake of any members of any synod."

"All right, Madam," cried the impatient Burke; "you settle the matter with the parsons, and I haven't a doubt you can make it all right, and I'll be off. Everything has got to be on board to-night. I'll come after you early this evening." With this, he departed.

When Mr. Burke had gone Mrs. Cliff, very much excited by what she had heard and by the thought of what she was going to do, told Willy that she could go on with the packing while she herself went over to the church in

Brooklyn and explained matters to the members of the synod who intended to go with her, and give them a chance to decide whether or not the plan proposed by Mr. Burke would suit them.

She carried out this intention, and drove to Brooklyn in a carriage, but having been delayed by many things which Willy wanted to know about the packing, and having forgotten in what street the church was situated, she lost a good deal of time, and when she reached her destination she found that the synod had adjourned, *sine die*.

Mrs. Cliff sighed. It was a great pity to have taken so much trouble, especially when time was so precious, but she had done what she could. It would be impossible for her to find the members at their temporary places of abode, and the only thing she could do now was to tell them the change in her plans when they came on board that evening, and then, if they did not care to sail with her, they would have plenty of time to go on shore again.

(To be continued.)

The present generation will shortly have a peculiarly interesting opportunity for studying the characteristics of a battleship of eighteenth century type, for the *Foudroyant*, which once carried Nelson's flag, is now being repaired and refitted in facsimile of her original appearance, and will be exhibited in the Thames before she sails for the great Naval Exhibition which is to take place this summer at Kiel. The famous old vessel has had a chequered career since the days of her great commander were ended, but some two or three years ago, as will be remembered, she was purchased by private enterprise from a German shipowner; and one of the gentlemen to whom the thanks of all patriotic Englishmen are

due for her return to British waters has since expended a considerable sum on her restoration. When refitted the *Foudroyant* will be the exact counterpart of herself as she was when the great Admiral paced her deck. Sails, rigging, and masts will all be careful reproductions of her former fashion, and her armament will consist of the selfsame guns which she carried of old, and which have now been purchased from the Admiralty. Once more these ancient guns will sound, though only for the firing of salutes, and for the drilling of a crew who will don the nautical dress of their vessel's date. In Nelson's own cabin will be found as close a reproduction as is possible of all the former furniture and arrangements, and the mess-rooms and other quarters of the officers and crew will all be faithfully represented. Nothing, indeed, is being neglected which can add to the completeness of the venerable vessel's restoration; and ere long she will once more sail the seas as she did in the days of her prime.



1. Officers' Horses Ready for Transport at Balliana.

2. Up the Nile on a Post-Boat: Officers' Horses being Towed Behind.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Burke, stopping suddenly on his way to the door. "I forgot the synod!"

Mrs. Cliff hesitated for a moment. "I don't think it need make any difference. It would be a great shame to disappoint all those good men; why couldn't we take them along all the same? Their weight wouldn't make the yacht go any slower, would it, Mr. Burke?"

"Not a bit of it!" said he. "But they may not want to go so far. Besides, if we find the Captain at Kingston, we mayn't feel like coming back in a hurry. I tell you what we could do, Mrs. Cliff. We wouldn't lose any time worth speaking of if we touched at Nassau—that's in the Bahamas, and a jolly place to go to. Then we might discharge our cargo of ministers, and if you paid their board until the next steamer sailed for New York, and their passage home, I should think they would be just as well satisfied as if they came back with us."

Mrs. Cliff reflected. "That's true," she said presently.

VIEWS OF GIRGEH, UPPER EGYPT.



THE PIGEON-HOUSES.



THE TOWN FROM THE SOUTH.



ARRIVAL OF A TRANSPORT-BOAT.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



A CHIEF OF THE GÂLECH TRIBE.

Photo Lekegian, Cairo.



A WOMAN OF THE GÂLECH TRIBE.

Photo Lekegian, Cairo.



THE 15TH BATTALION OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY RESERVE STARTING FOR THE FRONT, MARCH 27.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

LITERATURE.

To wish an unusually long novel longer is the highest praise one can give in these impatient days, when everything from sermons down must be brief to be endurable; yet Mr. Harold Frederic's *Illumination* (Heinemann) is so singularly clever that even a reviewer wishes it longer. It is a subtle and fascinating study of the degeneration of a Methodist Minister under temptation, which seems to the reader more overpowering and unfair than it does to the author. The Rev. Theron Ware, no doubt, is a poor creature, feeble, vain, and vulgar-minded; but a much manlier and nobler fellow must have gone down under the advances of the exquisitely lovely and accomplished Celia Madden, advances that were little short of meretricious. When this divine young person turns upon the rev. gentleman at last and informs him that "she liked him because he was delightfully unsophisticated, fresh and natural, and took it for granted that he would stay so," she—and the author also—seems to have forgotten how deliberately and frowardly she set herself to corrupt his innocence. Again, Mrs. Soulsby, the hypocritical Revivalist, never seems to remember, when she plays the strange part of his guardian angel at the close of the story, that it was she herself who sapped his faith and truth at its opening. But Mr. Harold Frederic has strong and also striking views of the relation of women to the clergy.

We hope that Messrs. Methuen's spirited project of supplying a handy and handsome Gibbon posted "up to date" (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. I. To be completed in seven volumes) will achieve the success which it deserves. They have found the right editor in Professor Bury. He is one of the very, very few scholars competent for the work in virtue of grasp of the vast range of periods and events embraced by the famous book, and of knowledge of the latest results of the labours of the historian, the archaeologist, and the philologist. The Professor's introduction gives a comprehensive survey of the advance made in approach to sources of information unknown in Gibbon's day, and in the discovery of new material. These are shown to have special value as supplementing that part of his work which was not included in his original scheme—namely, the extension of the story to the date of the fall of Constantinople in 1453. In this portion Professor Bury indicates what the researches of Slavonic and Byzantine scholars have accomplished. Then, too, there is that modern conception of history to be taken into account throughout—a conception due to the general theory of evolution which includes man, whether as individual or citizen, in the universal order. Any stress laid upon Gibbon's defects only emphasises the abiding greatness of his work. Taking into account the time at which it was written, it remains the most marvellous and accurate account—and that in incomparable majestic prose—of the most momentous event in the world's history. This new edition should extend that interest in Gibbon and the story he tells which makes life the richer to those who yield to the magic of his spell.

A collection of grim, fell, and thrilling Highland stories, told with a power that promises a brilliant future for their author, are set forth by Mr. Neil Munro under the title of *The Lost Pibroch, and Other Sheilung Stories* (Blackwood). What, however, impresses you more even than the fire in these stories is their savagery—the savagery not of the means only, but of the motives of these Highland heroes. In the "Red Hand" a step-mother hacks off her step-son's hand—not because he played the bag-pipes at all, which would be intelligible—but because he played them better than his father. In the next story, told with surprising power, a whole tribe is exterminated all but its chief and his two sons, whose lives are promised them on the condition of their surrender. No sooner have they surrendered, however, than they are bound and dragged to the summit of a sheer and stupendous cliff above the ocean, and are there asked to reveal a certain secret on pain of being flung over. The father, seeing one son hesitate, agrees to divulge the secret on the condition that both his sons are flung over, since he dare not face kith and kin after buying his life by the revelation. His sons are flung over, and their father, having thus prevented his weaker son from divulging the secret, seizes their executioner, and leaps with him down into the abyss. But what is this secret for whose discovery such frightful treacheries and atrocities are committed? It is the secret of brewing a certain kind of ale! "Rightly to be great," you may "greatly find quarrel in a straw," just because it is a straw, and only honour is at stake; but to commit all this sickening carnage, and the more sickening treachery of that Tarpeian execution, for a brewer's recipe! This could be heroism only among hogs. Nevertheless, the tale is told so heroically that you are breathlessly enthralled from its opening to its close.

Dr. Thomas N. Orchard, M.D., Member of the British Astronomical Association, has written an elaborate volume on *The Astronomy of Milton's Paradise Lost*. (Longmans.) The busy Manchester physician's work is welcome, not only for its contents, but as a testimony to the continued cultivation of literature and science in the great industrial centre which was also the city of John Byrom, the poet, and John Dalton, the great chemist. The scope of the book is much wider than its title indicates. "The Astronomy of Milton's Paradise Lost" is merely the nucleus of what is neither more nor less than a history of physical astronomy from the earliest times to the present day, interspersed with brief biographies of great astronomers of many ages and countries, forming a well-written and luminous account of the development of the grandest of the sciences. Nor does the volume include only an adequate sketch of the Ptolemaic theory of the Cosmos—one generally adopted by Milton in conformity with the belief in it cherished by most of his contemporaries—as well as a convincing demonstration of his thorough knowledge of, and, indeed, preference for, the Copernican theory which his friends of the Smeectymnus fraternity scoffed at. These matters have been carefully handled and elucidated by Professor Masson in the

introduction to his edition of "Paradise Lost" and in his monumental biography of Milton. Dr. Orchard does more. He has collected many of the magnificent and beautiful passages in which Milton described celestial phenomena, especially in their connection with those of our little earth, and thus presents his readers with a delightful anthology culled from "Paradise Lost." The combination of science and poetry makes the volume singularly attractive.

More than fifty years have elapsed since the publication of Charles Whitehead's fictitious autobiography of Richard Savage, Dr. Johnson's early and ill-fated friend. Johnson's *Life of Savage* (afterwards included in his "Lives of the English Poets") was almost his first prose performance of any note. According to the voracious Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, knowing nothing of its author, began to read it as he stood with his arm leaning against the chimney-piece. It so absorbed him that he never stirred until he had finished it, when he found his arm completely benumbed. The truth of Savage's story, as told by him to Johnson and retold by the latter, has been shown to be very doubtful, to use no stronger language. But Savage's career and character offered a good framework for a fiction, and Whitehead, who believed in him, made the most of them in his novel *Richard Savage*, which D. G. Rossetti pronounced to be "very striking," and which has been reissued by Messrs. Bentley with eighteen etchings by John Leech. Whitehead was a London literary Bohemian, of a type somewhat similar to that of Savage, with whom he naturally sympathised, and the novelist closed, very unhappily, in Australia a fitful career. He was a man of considerable talent, and his vivid portraiture of Savage is accompanied by vigorous sketches of various aspects of London life in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century. The book was well worth reprinting, especially along with its reproduction of Leech's original illustrations, which are very characteristic of his earlier manner. Mr. Orrinsmith's introduction consists wholly of some not uninteresting reminiscences and anecdotes of Leech. It would have been well if there had been prefixed a memoir of the author. Ample material for it was to be found in Mr. H. T. M. Bell's monograph on Whitehead, published in 1884.

An anthology of books and bookmen from the earliest times to recent years, edited by W. Roberts, under the title of *Book-Verse*, has been added to "The Book-Lover's Library" (Elliot Stock.) This volume—a pendant to "Book-Song," which appeared two years ago in "The Book-Lover's Library"—might fitly have had on its title-page as its aptest motto—

Choicest flowers,
Culled from out the curious knots
Of quaint writers' garden plots.

By the way, the editor might surely have added to his notes the information that the lines he quotes from Parnell were written in praise of a commonplace-book—

So complete the finished piece appears,
That learning seems combined with length of years,
And both improved by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When, having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost opening page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!

But there was not a line of this posthumously published work of the wonderful young woman which was her own! No wonder "learning seemed combined with length of years and both improved by purest wit," when the work was wholly made up of extracts from Bacon, Osborne, Owen Feltham, and others. However, Parnell is in good company, since Congreve also celebrated in verse the amazing wit and wisdom Lady Grace Gethin displayed in this volume.

Mr. Le Gallienne has collected in two volumes, under the title of *Retrospective Reviews* (John Lane), many of the literary criticisms he has written during the last five years. Though not, strictly speaking, a "literary log," the book forms an interesting guide to a good deal of contemporary English writing, and to some classic authors who are the gods of a reasonable idolatry. Mr. Le Gallienne has an exceeding delicacy of perception; to use one of his own phrases, he is a man of "fine antennæ"; and whatever may be thought of some of his opinions he never writes without giving pleasure. This is not said to depreciate his purely critical judgment, for one of the most notable qualities of this book is a genuine discrimination. The reader may differ from Mr. Le Gallienne pretty often, but he cannot fail to congratulate himself on having visited many familiar and some unfamiliar authors in very stimulating company.

A translation of Renan's memoir of his sister Henriette (*Brother and Sister: Ernest and Henriette Renan*, W. Heinemann) and of their correspondence introduces to many English readers one of the most exquisite memorials in all literature. The character of Renan cannot be understood without this record of his sister's life, for he undoubtedly owed to her unflinching solicitude and self-sacrifice all that enabled him to pursue his chosen career. He repaid this service with a devotion which may surprise many who have doubted the depth and sincerity of his nature. The portrait of Henriette reveals a rare and beautiful type of womanhood; and the story of the life which the brother and sister led together after their reunion is an idyll of spiritual and intellectual harmony.

A House-Boat on the Styx, by John Kendrick Bangs (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), is a rather unhappy specimen of American humour. The occupants of the house-boat are Shakspeare, Nero, Napoleon, Dr. Johnson, Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Barnum, and other historical worthies, who are not at all wise, and seldom amusing. The jocularity of Mr. Bangs is not equal to a flight of this kind.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has edited the reminiscences of his father-in-law, the late Frederick Locker-Lampson

(*My Confidences*, Smith, Elder, and Co.). The volume contains excellent stories of well-known people, for the charm of his personal character had brought the author many friends in the course of a long life. Tennyson and Thackeray held him in warm regard; and he was, perhaps, the only man who ever dispelled the social gloom that surrounded George Eliot. No literary halo encircles his own head, but the verses of Frederick Locker are not yet forgotten, and his prose is full of spirit and humour.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The two additions to the morning papers of London form, perhaps, the most interesting topic of the hour. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth proposes, I understand, to run his new halfpenny paper, the *Daily Mail*, upon lines not unlike those of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which case literature, we may be sure, will not be neglected. There must be a considerable number of people whose politics are directly at variance with those of the *Chronicle* who have been induced to purchase it through the attraction of the literary page, so skilfully edited by Mr. Henry Norman. With halfpenny journalism, however, the disposition to "run" literature is not quite so certain of reward, although the *Star* has doubtless derived abundant benefit from Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's pleasant literary causerie.

The other morning paper which we are soon to have in London, the *Daily Courier*, is due to the enterprise of Sir George Newnes. In that, at any rate, we may be certain that literature will not be neglected. The editor, Mr. Earl Hodgson, has written at least one successful novel. He has been associated with the Poet Laureate in conducting the *National Review*, and has all-round literary enthusiasms. His colleague and assistant editor, Mr. L. F. Austin, who is, perhaps, best known by his weekly article in the *Sketch*, is a man of very varied gifts, who has written no inconsiderable portion of the best book-reviewing of the day.

It would be interesting to know—if such information were possible—whether a really great circulation can now be obtained for any new London daily newspaper in the English provinces. Some of the existing journals have, of course, a very strong hold; the difficulty, however, of securing a provincial circulation becomes the greater through the vast improvements which from year to year continue to be made in the leading provincial journals. In no case has this been more noticeable than with the *Manchester Guardian*, under the editorship of Mr. C. P. Scott, who sits in the House of Commons as member for the Leigh Division of Lancashire. Since Mr. Scott's compulsory absence from Manchester, by-the-way, upon his political duties, his place has been largely taken by Mr. G. Binney Dibblee, who has for some three or four years been manager of the *Guardian*. Mr. Dibblee is a very young Oxford man, who attained considerable success in his college career. The experiment of taking a young University student and giving him the managerial control over a great newspaper seemed a little quixotic to the onlooker. It was, however, a stroke of genius which did singular credit to the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Dibblee has proved an entire success.

The Rev. J. Jolly, the Vicar of Thornton, near Bradford, writes to me that an organ is being placed in Thornton Church to commemorate the Brontës, at a cost of £1000. It will be remembered that both Charlotte and Emily Brontë were born at Thornton, where their father was curate, and their names may be seen in the parish register of births. The house where Mr. and Mrs. Brontë lived during this period, and where the authors of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" were born, is now a butcher's shop.

Mr. Pearson, of Pall-Mall, has a manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe which he is offering for sale at the price of £60. As it is merely the review of an obscure book, "The Wigwam and the Cabin," by Gilmore Simms, it would seem that manuscripts by Poe of his really important work in prose and poetry must be of incredible value. Mr. Simms, it appears, received a very favourable notice in the *Athenæum*, and Poe rather makes game of this. One of the stories in the book was entitled "Murder Will Out," and Poe attributes the appreciation to the Cockney love of a murder.

There are many editions of Wordsworth's poems in one or more volumes, but even up to the present there has only been one edition for the library of the enthusiast—that is to say, the eight volumes edited by Professor Knight, which were published by Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, and which may still be obtained in the secondhand bookshops. I well remember how much it troubled the souls of those two famous Wordsworthians, Professor Dowden and the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, that there were so many errors in the text of this edition; but we may be sure that all that has been remedied in the eleven-volume edition which Professor Knight is now publishing through Messrs. Macmillan. These eleven volumes, with their careful collation of Wordsworth's various renderings of his poems, must be counted indispensable for every good library. Professor Knight's new edition contains a large number of portraits of the poet—twelve altogether—and many improvements on the Paterson edition, to say nothing of the more convenient size; for, after all, no book needs to be better printed or to be of larger form than the Eversley series.

A new novel by Stephen Crane is to be published by Edward Arnold. It is called "Dan Emmonds." Mr. Crane proposes to enter the lists against the author of "Tribly." He is writing a story of artist life in New York, to be called "The Third Violet." To this may be added the announcement that his first book, "Maggie," which was first published by its author at his own expense, is to be reprinted by Appleton, of New York. A new short story of singular power from the pen of Mr. Crane, entitled "Three Miraculous Soldiers," will appear in the May number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. C. K. S.

THE ITALIANS IN ABYSSINIA.

Photographs by Naretto, Massowah.

ADIGERAT, WHERE AN ITALIAN GARRISON IS DESIRED.

The cessation of hostile relations between the Italian Government in East Africa and the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia, Menelik, King of Shoa, is desired and hopefully expected, being the more needful on account of the precarious situation of Kassala, in the Soudan, held by an Italian garrison against the Dervishes of the Mahdist Khalifa, and requiring continued support from General Baldissera's forces at Massowah. Since the disastrous defeat of General Baratieri's army at Adowa on March 1, we have no news of further actual fighting in Abyssinia; and King Menelik's great host, consisting of feudal levies from different provinces of his empire, is believed to be already withdrawing southward; but the fortress of Adigerat, with a garrison commanded by Major Prestinari, is still



NATIVE CARRIERS ON THE TIGRÉ.

closely besieged, and on March 2 had only provisions for one month, with more than three hundred invalids or hospital patients. It was surrounded by the troops of Ras Makonnen, one of the provincial military chiefs of Tigré, and there was no possibility of leaving the place without a desperate fight against overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The remainder of the Italian troops retreating from Tigré had assembled at the frontier stations, Asmara and Keren. They were not regarded with unfriendly eyes in general by the native population, which was also the experience of the English with Sir Robert Napier's expedition twenty-seven years ago. One of our Illustrations shows the scene at an ordinary local court of justice, where an Italian officer was among the audience of the legal proceedings.



A NATIVE TRIBUNAL.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



THE BRITISH OFFICER IN COMMAND OF A NEGRO BATTALION OF THE 11TH SOUDANESE REGIMENT WATCHING HIS MEN EMBARK AT SHELLAL, ON MARCH 18.

From a Photograph by Mr. W. W. Lupton.



HYDE PARK, 1896.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



NATIVE CARPENTERS COMING ON BOARD AT EDFOU.

SOUDANESE SOLDIERS RUNNING TOWARDS THE RIVER, SHOUTING TO THEIR FRIENDS.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Lord Ronald Gower has been inveighing against the chimney-pot, or what our American cousins more aptly call the stove-pipe, hat. His Lordship's criticism, though showing traces of evident sincerity, presents no novel or original features calculated to impress the reader more strongly than those of his numberless predecessors in the same direction; and, even if his onslaught were a masterpiece of wit, epigram, logic, and hygienic demonstration combined, it is doubtful whether it would have the effect of making us abandon our present headgear on ceremonious occasions.

Lord Ronald is in the main correct when he calls the "cylinder" ugly names, and avers that the Continental nations of Europe have to a great extent discarded it, except in special instances; but this does by no means prove that the substitute, in the shape of a hard or soft felt, or of a cloth cap, is more slightly or more desirable from the point of view of health. Without the least wish to be personal, we should like to ask Lord Ronald whether he would care to stroll down Piccadilly or Bond Street between noon and four p.m., in the height of the season, accompanied by one or more of his female friends or relations, with a wide-awake, a brit-hat or yachting-cap on his head, a frock coat on his back, and patent-leather boots on his feet, and the rest of his attire—all but his *couvre-chef*—to match?

I have an idea that Lord Ronald, whom I have not the honour to know, but whom I take to be a sensible man in every respect, might do such a thing *once* for a wager, but that he would not be anxious to repeat the experiment for a number of consecutive days. Nay, more: though we are all apt to take our cue in the matter of dress from those above us in social station, I question whether the experiment, if repeated by him in company of, let us say, a dozen leaders of society, including the heir to the throne, all similarly *coiffés*, would produce the desired reform.

Allowing, however, for the possibility of success, what should we have gained by it? Nothing; absolutely nothing. We should have simply discarded an ugly but not altogether incongruous headgear for one, perhaps, a trifle less ugly, but altogether out of keeping with the rest of our vestments "when dressed in our best." I grant that from a picturesque point of view the stove-pipe hat deserves all the epithets a naturally artistic temperament could bestow upon it. In the course of many years of reading and direct observation I have only gathered two favourable opinions with regard to the tall hat, and one of those opinions, that of Louis Philippe, was only a qualified one. He said that a beaver was more comfortable than a crown, just as a gingham was more serviceable than a sceptre.

The second opinion enunciated was that of an Eton boy in reply to his mother's remark that the coat did not make the man: "I know, Mamma," he at once retorted, "it's the hat." I feel certain that the lad's answer was prompted by his inmost thoughts on the subject rather than by the spontaneous or premeditated desire to make a smart repartee. He was probably convinced that the *chapeau haut-de-forme* conferred a brevet rank of manhood on him, and it is equally probable that the authorities at Eton, when they introduced men's headgear for small urchins, wished the latter to entertain that idea.

In order to make his protest effectual, Lord Ronald Gower would have to suggest something entirely new in shape and, moreover, something that would lend a certain air of outward dignity to men's appearance, which the tall hat, with its gloss unimpaired and becomingly worn, unquestionably does to the suitably dressed individual. No one would for a moment maintain that any of the head-coverings worn by men dressed in European fashion does this to the same extent as the much-decried chimney-pot. The sombrero, the Tam-o'-Shanter, the Panama, the Glengarry, the Monte-Carlo, as the narrower-brimmed soft felt hat is called, will always, do what we may, be considered as half-dress, unless we modify the rest of our costume. It is because the cylindrical shape of the silk hat corresponds in an appreciable degree to the cylindrical shape of our nether limbs. The crown and the base of the human edifice harmonise.

Would it do to go back to the knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, or Hessian boots of our grandfathers? I fancy we might do worse. But who will take the initiative? It must not be forgotten though that even they wore the tall hat; hence one may conclude that there must be something essentially serviceable, and even good, in an article of dress that has withstood the onslaughts of at least three generations, not only of scientific, but also of aesthetic critics, none of whom, however, have had the moral courage to set the example in a serious, as distinct from a merely experimental and half-hearted, fashion.

What is the reason? "There is no reason; there is a mystery which no one seems able to penetrate; for, after all, there is no necessity to cudgel one's brain for a new combination in felt to protect our heads. All possible combinations may be seen in the show-windows of hatters all the world over; from the Caucasus to the Isthmus of Panama, from Ireland to Kentucky, every nation has brought us or allowed us to take the kind of head-covering apparently most suitable to them. We have tried them all with the exception of the Astrakhan mitre-like thing and the turban, yet the seemingly imperishable black silk hat has survived." Thus wrote Alphonse Karr, nearly thirty years before Lord Ronald Gower entered the lists. And the *Moniteur de l'Exposition* (1867), which quoted the famous author, wound up its own article by asking the reason of this astounding instance of conservatism with regard to one article of dress in an age when nearly every article of attire was subject to monthly changes, the exceptions being those the shape and texture of which varied almost weekly. The well-known publication failed to give the answer. It looks as if thirty years hence that answer will still be wanting.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W R (Coe (Swaffham).—We are very pleased to receive your first composition after so prolonged a rest, and we have little doubt it will prove attractive to our solvers.

SHADFORTH.—You had better look again. Neither of your suggested solutions is intended by the author.

M A EYRE (Folkestone).—We are afraid you are on the wrong tack with No. 2714. The problem is sound, but a difficult one.

GERTRUDE TIMOTHY (Regent's Park).—Yes, post-cards are quite sufficient.

G DAWES (Badeley).—You are right about No. 2711; it, unfortunately, admits of the solution given in your careful analysis.

E P (Dunstable).—We regret your name was inaccurately given. The solution you send was, unfortunately, quite correct, and we acknowledge it below.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2707 and 2708 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2710 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2711 from E G Boys, W C D Smith (Northampton), and E P (Dunstable); of No. 2712 from W Lillie (Manchester), E G Boys, C W Smith (Stroud), and C E Perugini; of No. 2713 from Frank R Pickering, W Lillie (Manchester), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Albert Wolff, J D Tucker (Leeds), John M Robert (Crossgar, county Down), W David (Cardiff), W C D Smith (Northampton), Castle Lea, F W C (Edgbaston), T G (Ware), Edmund Vaudrey (Derby), S Downs (Lodsworth), Ubique, W H Williamson (Belfast), F Ozone (Guernsey), H S Brandreth, Dr C A Hill (Liverpool), G T Hughes (Athy), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Oliver Icingia, F Buschmann (Stockport), C E Perugini, C C Massey, and Dr A C Farquharson (Lichfield).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2714 received from Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), H T Atterbury, T Chown, R H Brooks, L Desanges, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), M Burke, W R Baillem, F Waller (Luton), H S Brandreth, J E Rabbeth, J Sowden, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and Captain Spencer.

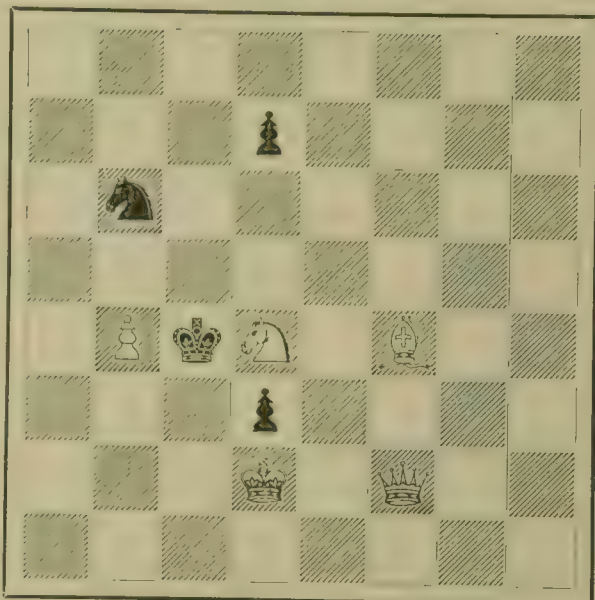
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2713.—By W. CLARK.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 6th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2716.

By T. CULLOVIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between three players of the Moscow Chess Club in consultation against Mr. SREINITZ.
(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Allies).	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Allies).	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Kt to B 2nd	Q to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	20. K to R 2nd	Q to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Kt to B 7th	Q to Q 4th
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	22. Kt takes Kt	Q to Q 4th
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	23. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to Q 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	24. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 4th
7. B takes Kt	B takes B	25. Q to R to Q sq	Q to Q 4th
8. P takes P	B to Kt 2nd	26. Q to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
White's K Kt being still at home this move is rendered possible, for the reply to P takes P would clearly be B takes K Kt P.		27. K to R to K sq	P to K R 3rd
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	28. R to Q 2nd	R to Q sq
10. R to Q B sq	P to Q B 4th	29. R (K sq) to Q sq	R to K R 4th
11. Castles	P to B 5th	30. R to K R sq	R takes R
Against all authorities. P takes P would appear far more likely to break up White's centre of Pawns.		31. K takes R	R to K sq
12. B to Kt sq	Kt to Q B 3rd	32. Kt to K 5th	Q to Q 4th (ch)
13. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	33. K to R 2nd	B to Q sq
14. P to K 4th		34. Q to Q B 3rd	P to K B 3rd
There is no question as to the force of this move in positions of a similar character.		35. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to R 4th (ch)
15. B takes P	P takes P		
16. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
17. B takes B	Q takes B		
18. Kt to Q Kt 5th	Kt to B 5th		
19. Q to Q 2nd			

Among the resources of civilisation with which South Africa is so rapidly equipping itself we are pleased to note a new chess column in the *South African Review*, and we trust the venture may be of great service to the game in that famous colony.

The tournament at Simpson's Divan, open to all comers, commences on April 20, and there is every prospect of a large entry of the leading metropolitan professionals and amateurs, so that some fine play may be expected. Mr. F. J. Lee is the secretary.

An international tournament will be held at Nuremberg, beginning July 25. The prizes are 1000 marks downwards.

Mr. T. Winter Wood, president of the Plymouth Chess Club, on March 30, at the close of a very successful season, presented the prizes to the following successful competitors in the different tournaments:—T. Taylor, Carslake W. Wood, W. J. May, C. A. Pearce, W. Jennings, G. D. Crowther, and W. Hoppen.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In connection with the Kitson libel case, and with the question of the relations of medical men to their patients in the matter of professional confidences, I have nowhere seen it alluded to that the Scottish Universities exact from their medical graduates a form of attestation or oath involving their obligation to preserve secrecy in their relationship with those who consult them. Unless I am much mistaken, the formula originally prescribed for medical graduates was that known as the oath of Hippocrates, which made professional secrecy as much an obligation on the part of the ancient doctor as his mere profession to-day implies secrecy on the part of the lawyer. We can hardly imagine a solicitor confiding his client's affairs to his wife, or a barrister revealing his client's guilt or innocence to any person whatever. Professional confidences are understood by the public to be of inviolate character, save, indeed, where a certain liberty is allowed in legal cases for disclosures of the secrets of the consulting-room or office. These exceptions are the necessities of civilised life, and may be required to substantiate innocence as well as to convict fraud. Otherwise, the medical man is really to be regarded as a professional adviser with whom the confidences necessary to be reposed in him are forgotten and consigned to oblivion in so far as the outer world is concerned.

The form of oath administered to graduates in medicine by the University of Glasgow may be taken as typical of the Scottish attestations at large. Here is an extract from the University Calendar regarding this important topic: "In accordance with the Promissory Oaths Act, 1868, a declaration in the following English form is now substituted for the Latin oath, or *Sponsio Academica*, formerly required to be taken and subscribed by every candidate on graduation: I do solemnly and sincerely declare that, as a Graduate in Medicine of the University of Glasgow, I will exercise the several parts of my profession to the best of my knowledge and abilities; for the good, safety, and welfare of all persons committing themselves, or committed to my care and direction; and that I will not knowingly or intentionally do anything, or administer anything to them to their hurt or prejudice, for any consideration, or from any motive whatever. And I further declare that I will keep silence as to anything I have seen or heard, while visiting the sick, which it would be improper to divulge. And I make this solemn declaration in virtue of the Provisions of the Promissory Oaths Act, 1868, substituting a Declaration for Oaths in certain cases."

Of late days I have been doing a considerable amount of railway travelling, and this is saying something in the case of one who is more or less constantly on the wing. There is one hint which I think travellers by rail should be quick to appreciate, and, what is more to the point, to put in practice, seeing that it would conduce vastly to the personal comfort of all concerned. I allude to the habit of putting up the window and shutting the door of the carriage (quietly) when one leaves the compartment. This is a little piece of politeness which tends very greatly to increase life's travelling amenities. It is universally practised in the West of Scotland, for instance. You scarcely find any man who is leaving a compartment neglect to put up the window or to shut the door. You are saved the trouble of rising out of your rug on a cold day, and passing, perhaps, to the other side of the carriage in order to put up the window and exclude the chill air. It is a little piece of politeness, this, which really lubricates the wheels of life in a wonderful fashion, and a practice that I sincerely trust may soon become universal in its nature. Many, many times during these last three weeks or so I have said "strong words" to myself when some unthinking person has strode out of a compartment leaving the window down and the door open with a chill north-easter blowing into the previously warm carriage, and chilling one to the bones. It only requires that some shall commence the practice, and others will follow suit. It is a thing to be grateful for, this little act of courtesy, and a lesson in politeness to boot, with moral effects flowing therefrom such as one may scarcely, perhaps, conceive.

I have been perusing of late days a huge Blue Book containing a report on "Food Products Adulteration," the book having been ordered to be printed by the House of Commons July 2, 1895. To certain points elicited in the evidence given before the Committee of the House I may hereafter return. That which interested me at the outset was the evidence of Mr. J. S. Fry, of Bristol, a director of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, the well-known cocoa-manufacturers. I have always advocated cocoa as a true food, and as a substitute for tea as the latter beverage is consumed by the masses. Mr. Fry tells us that the returns showed that while twenty years ago duty was paid on cocoa for consumption in the United Kingdom on 8,300,000 lb., the amount had increased (for 1894) to twenty-two million odd pounds. This is very gratifying intelligence. It shows that a true food-product is being more largely consumed by the people in place of that which is not a food at all.

Regarding the purity of the cocoa sold—an all-important point for the public—Mr. Fry gave very strong evidence concerning the necessity for avoiding any undue interference on the part of any Board of Reference (suggested by the Bill of the Society of Analysts) with cocoa-makers of repute. Thus he tells us that from pure cocoa so much of the natural fat is extracted to make it palatable, and this process, which in no way interferes with the nutritive powers of the cocoa, might possibly be regarded by such a board as an illegal act. Again, with mixed cocoas, demanded by the poor, and sold at a low price, certain ingredients, absolutely harmless, and, indeed, nutritious enough, are combined. Sugar and arrowroot are additions to which no one can possibly object in a low-priced cocoa, and which in no sense depreciate the value of the article as food. I hope Mr. Fry's contentions in this respect will be given effect to by the Committee, so as to avoid depriving the poor of a perfectly wholesome and admirable form of food.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Q" raises, in the *Speaker*, an interesting question as to modern euphuism, preciosity, or affectation in writing. He cites passages from several authors—young, probably—of Celtic origin. There is nothing, or not much, amiss with the passages. Miss Fiona Macleod and Mr. Neil Munro aim at particular effects; they want to produce certain "Celtic" emotions by a special choice and arrangement of words, and, on the whole, they succeed. These Celtic emotions are familiar to me in translations from Welsh and Gaelic. Personally, I admire and like them; the public does not—they are 'uncongenial to a practical people. To aim at such effects by the only possible method is not to be affected. If it were, affectation has good precedent. Icelandic poetry is the most affected in the world—so much so as to need a special glossary.

"Q" will admit, I daresay, that the verses in the sagas go too far. Lycophron is affected, over the verge of the intelligible. Apollonius Rhodius, in a less degree, is affected. Homer is *not*. Which does "Q" prefer? Which is the better model? Decadence and the origins (as in Alexandria and Iceland) encounter each other in affectation.

always failure when the attention is withdrawn from the matter to the studied pose of the manner. Preoccupation with form, like everything else, has a mean, a defect, and an excess. In Scott we find the defect; in Mr. Pater (I think) we find the excess. In Lamb we might mark the same fault, if he were not Lamb, and were not invariably rescued by tenderness, pathos, and humour, that great corrective of affectation. Knowing Miss Macleod and Mr. Munro merely from "Q's" extracts, I cannot say whether they have humour or not. But the majority of the stylish youth of to-day, with their tormented manner and their bleak little pessimisms, have no more humour than a Scotch cart-horse. There is no use in studious elaboration of phrases if in the phrases there is nothing, or nothing but nonsense. Style is like dress: one would rather see a young man a dandy than a sloven. But there is a mean, and we should not go on being dandies. Moreover, in authorship, the public will not stand it: *l'abonné se gêne*. You may tell me that Gautier and Thackeray were affected. I deny it, I think they reached a happy mean, or—I like *their* affectations. In any case, youthful euphuism, based, like Mr. Stevenson's, on a wide and minute knowledge of the old English writers, is one thing; and an inexpensive euphuism, based on two or three very modern moderns, is another thing.

in all sizes, will prove as useful as any number of varieties of flies.

It seems that the Americans propose to alter their copyright laws, and, if they do, I fancy English authors will cease to derive money from the sale of their works in America. Any change will be a change in the direction of less, not more, protection for English authors. I don't think the present law has been very popular with a people long accustomed to get our best novels thrown in as a bonus on soap or for a quarter of a dollar at most. Personally I do not care. Like Sir Walter Scott, I prefer that no poor citizen of the States should be deprived of the chance of reading my works merely that I may wallow in riches. But popular novelists will feel a change severely. Spoiled children of fortune as they are, one can feel that in the troubles of these friends there is a something not wholly disagreeable.

Our own copyright law seems lax enough. If I write an article for *The Illustrated London News*, say, nothing seems to prevent the *Bungay Beacon* or the *Charteris Sentinel* or any other country weekly paper from decorating its columns with that well-considered effusion without "with your leave or by your leave." I may be wrong,



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Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

The central periods avoid it. But Shakspeare is affected, says "Q," and the other Elizabethans. The writers were making experiments. True, O "Q," but don't you wish that Shakspeare was less affected very often? Do you not sometimes remember Sir Percy Shafto as you read Shakspeare? Are his least or his most affected passages the best? Even he could not escape the influence of his age, but I could wish that he had escaped it. Take a parallel case: read "The Story of Rimini." The style, the result of preoccupation with form on a mind not destitute of vulgarity, makes an Englishman ill. Keats's early pieces, in a false following of Leigh Hunt, are, with a few noble exceptions, his worst and weakest. Of all men the least preoccupied with form is Scott. He is totally unaffected; he is also slipshod.

We do well to consider form in writing, but not to the neglect of everything else. This is the temptation of studious beginners: to say very oddly and elaborately what is not worth saying at all. There is not much worth saying in Tennyson's most affected early poems. As a man advances and improves, his affectations have a tendency to drop off. This will probably be admitted by "Q." Mr. Pater has occasionally seemed to me an affected writer. I am lost in his parentheses. Dr. Johnson never made a parenthesis. His favourite locutions (Mr. Pater's, I mean) are parasitic, and envelop his prose like ivy on a ruin. Mr. Stevenson was more fortunate, perhaps because he appealed to an audience larger and less select. He made some unsuccessful experiments; it is

Probably "Q" and I are really of the same mind. I am not attacking his young Celts; their language seems to be appropriate to their themes; but let us give æsthetic adjectives a rest, and beware of needless inversions and the rest of it.

Whether salmon can distinguish between colours or not, whether, *ceteris paribus*, they prefer a fly mainly yellow to a fly mainly purple or blue, whether they have a conscientious objection (as Mr. William Black thinks) to aniline dyes, is a perplexing problem. I was lately fishing in a water where the salmon would take a large bull-dog, and nothing else. We had but one large bull-dog, and the wielder of that fly caught all the fish and got all the rises. That I got none might be explained by invidious and carping critics by a theory which I disdain to notice. As the keeper, a professed expert, got nothing, the invidious theory falls to the ground. Next day I had a big bull-dog dressed, and succeeded with that bull-dog. Hence it did seem as if the fish preferred the arrangement of colours in the bull-dog. But they would not have the bull-pup, as one may call a fly of the same hues dressed on a smaller hook. I infer, therefore, that, as the big bull-dog was the only large fly that we tried, and as the fish would not adopt his colours on a smaller specimen, that it was size, not colour, they cared for, and that any hook as big as the bull-dog would have done as well. This conclusion is in accordance with the heresy of Sir Herbert Maxwell. It seems to follow that one fly, any fly, tied

but this, to all appearance, is the state of the law. If so, why should we be unpaid contributors to the *Bungay Beacon*? I have no ambition to coruscate in its columns. Perhaps, if these are the facts, the Authors' Society will kindly make a fuss on the subject, and extract, say, ten shillings a column from provincial papers which batten on our labours. I have not looked into the matter, but a friend, a ferryman, told me that he often perused my lucubrations in a country journal for which I do not write consciously; in fact, I had never even heard of the organ. Here, then, is an author's grievance, and somebody should take it up, or even take the editors up, if the law allows their incarceration.

Mr. Kitto, the Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, has discovered and published in the St. Martin's parish magazine some exceedingly curious statements of parish accounts for the latter years of the seventeenth century. The most extraordinary record is one for the year 1681, "for wine spent at ye Comm upon ye Vicar's account" from Palm Sunday to Trinity Sunday inclusively, the total amounting to one hundred and thirty-three quarts. There would seem to be more in this than meets the eye, for, as Mr. Kitto points out, the quantity for the nine weeks is about equal to that consumed during the last five years. Other quaintly recorded accounts are quoted by the Vicar in an article which is of some interest to the antiquarian mind.

Lower Reservoir.

Waterworks Pumping-Station.

Lower Reservoir.

Johannesburg in the Distance



THE TOWN OF DOORNFONTEIN, JOHANNESBURG, THE PROPERTY OF THE WATERWORKS COMPANY, VIEWED FROM THE HIGH SERVICE RESERVOIR.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE SNOWDON RAILWAY ACCIDENT.



A. Spot where the engine ran away, and the second train ran into the carriages of the first.
C. Siding on which carriages were thrown off the line.

B. Point at which the engine left the line and dashed over the precipice.
D. Path of the engine down the precipice.

Photo Symons, Llanberis.

SCENES OF THE DISASTER.



Photo Rigby, Liverpool.

LLANBERIS TERMINUS AFTER THE ACCIDENT: PASSENGERS TRYING TO GET THEIR FARES RETURNED.



Photo Symons, Llanberis.

REMAINS OF THE ENGINE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PRECIPICE.



Photo Symons, Llanberis.

THE CARRIAGES AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I have not really recovered from my Easter manoeuvres—purely volunteer movements on my part. I wandered into the country in the hope of meeting the Spring, which, however, eluded me—scarcely a bud could I find on a tree; and I felt that the poets for centuries had been occupied in deceiving me. According to the calendar, in which I believe with perfect faith, the first of April should see the trees bursting into bloom; far from bursting into bloom, they show little tendency to be other than deeply, darkly, desperately brown. However, failing to get that inspiration from Nature of which the authorities have cheated me, I have been turning my attention seriously to art. I have been studying, in their native language, various French newspapers devoted to the one and only topic worthy of consideration—Fashion; and I have been reading a long letter, written in homely British, from an amiable relation of mine, whose headquarters are Paris, and whose notions of the importance of the art of costume are only equalled by those of her cousin Paulina. And now to reveal the result of my investigations.

Canvas is greatly in vogue: the coarse variety, the rather fine variety, and the superfine variety, which is indeed so thin that it closely resembles our old friend grenadine. The canvas, of course, necessitates the lining of silk, and for this glacé is generally used, invariably shot, while the bodice of the canvas dress may be found made of some different material—for instance, grass lawn trimmed with iridescent beads and lace insertion. I have seen a delightful bodice of this, pouched at the waist over a narrow belt of black, and cut square at the neck to show a small cravat of shot silk. Another very effective canvas dress, composed of material of as coarse a nature as the ordinary sacking erstwhile delegated to the sole use of the coal-heaver, appears in a dark purple shade lined with a bright reseda green, and shows trimmings formed of narrow quillings of satin ribbon. The bodice is cut in coat style with a short tubed basque and has a waistcoat of the inevitable grass lawn with an appliqué design of lace upon it.

For evening wear moiré is having it all its own way. No longer is it smooth of surface, but rough, sometimes interwoven with gold or silver thread, sometimes decorated

and yet another style of sleeve has a short puff on the top, and is tight-fitting to the wrist, extending over the hand in bell shape and being trimmed with frills of lace or of chiffon. The frill round the wrist is to be an established fact of our summer fashions. But why do I talk of summer fashions when that picture of the cloth gown is staring me in the face, asking why it has been so long neglected? It is an excellent model this, made in diagonal cloth, in dark blue, with a bodice of very light drab cloth, the braiding narrow and of black.

Of the two hats which appear one boasts a trimming of flowers, the other of feathers, and of course the choice of black or coloured straw for their glorification must depend upon the taste of the individual. Black straw holding all my best affections at the present instant, I recommend it most respectfully to my various friends, when I would advise a simple decoration of black and white tulle or black and white feathers as a pleasing contrast to the glaring atrocities of millinery with which the authorities have seen fit to flood the West End shops.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETITIA.—Woolland's, Lowndes Terrace, Knightsbridge, is my favourite shop for artificial flowers. You can get there the most lovely blossoms, and instead of an osprey you can easily use hyacinths, as you suggest. They set up admirably, and look quite smart, but only permit them to appear in union with pale-pink roses. I have seen a dislike to many flowers of different colours which may be seen on the hats now!

SINGALESE.—Quite inexpensive ready-made bows and ospreys and trimmings, all ready to adjust on hats of any shape, are a specialty of H. C. Russell, Sidney Place, Leicester Square; and Peter Robinson is the firm you should write to for the catalogue of costume. They issue most exhaustive ones at different periods of the year. Whole sheets are devoted to tea-gowns and blouses, as well as to dresses of divers details.

NESSA.—Yes, white bengaline would do that gown very well. An inexpensive way of making it would be to use this for the train and to have the under dress of white spotted net. This might be made with a fichu of double frills, just cutting the bodice slightly low at the neck. A deep corselet of bengaline, fastened at one side with three Parisian diamonds, would be the prettiest way of making the bodice, and the skirt could have four or five small frills round the hem and be gathered full round the waist, entirely made of the net, you understand; this under-dress should be lined with the soft satin. In the knot of the fichu you could have a large bunch of flowers; or, if you dispensed with the knot and drew the fichu down into the corselet, you could put the flowers into the top of the corselet. I only like the plain tulle veil very long and raw-edged. White kid shoes lined with satin, with diamond buckles and a strap over the instep, may be bought from the London Shoe Company, 117, New Bond Street.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Middle-aged women have cause to be grateful to the Princess of Wales for the effective way in which she maintains her youth. Her new portrait, taken with little Prince Edward of York, shows her as charming as if she were thirty; and under it her Royal Highness has written the legend, "Granny and Baby," giving permission to the photographer to reproduce this pretty autograph. Why, it simply revolutionises the notion of "Granny," to see this slender, handsome figure so styled!

"Granny" was the name chosen by the Princess for herself, for her small descendant to be taught to know her by, the more stately "Grandmamma" being thus assigned to the Duchess of Teck. The little Prince has been "Baby," too, from the first, and has not resigned the title, though the nursery cradle has a smaller occupant.

Olive Schreiner, the author of one remarkable book, "The Story of an African Farm," has "broken out in a new place." She has become an active politician, and contributes an article on Cape public affairs to the *Fortnightly*. She was quite a girl when she wrote her bold and original work, and found that the novelty of its scenery and characters and the courage of the opinions set forth had given her fame. Everybody naturally expected that a success so striking would lead to the early production of a new book. But ten years have passed by, and Olive Schreiner has done nothing more, except a few short sketches and parables. About two years ago she married a Mr. Cronwright, who consented to take her name in place of her taking his; and the couple became Mr. and Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner. The gentleman was a member of the Cape Parliament, and his influence may be supposed to have helped in turning the novelist into the politician. Mr. and Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner issued last autumn a long manifesto on Cape politics, the substance being the same as that of her present article. It preached quite Socialistic doctrines, attacking fiercely the capitalistic system under which the Cape is developing. On one of her points many people who are by no means Socialists will agree with her—namely, that the State in a new country should retain the ultimate ownership of the land. However, our chief interest with it ends with noting that it is a very able document, according to its lights.

Twenty-three out of the full number of twenty-four members of the new Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws have been appointed. Why is not the twenty-fourth name announced? I hear that the Government are thinking of appointing a lady—Lady Henry Somerset for choice. Precedent is found in the presence of Lady

Frederick Cavendish and Dr. Sophie Bryant on the Royal Commission on Secondary Education.

In Sir John Gorst's new Education Bill, some of the recommendations made by the latter Commission are



A COUPLE OF SPRING HATS.

adopted and mingled with many others of a very different character. The one that concerns women is the proposal to place education generally, elementary as well as secondary, under county committees, from which women may be excluded. These new bodies are to be appointed by the County Councils, and each County Council is to be left free to decide for itself what the constitution of the committees shall be; the only limitation of their discretion being that a bare majority of each committee must be composed of members of the County Councils. Now, women cannot be members of County Councils at present, so that the Councils would have to choose any lady members for these education committees from outside their own ranks. We may be very certain that this would very seldom occur; and that the management of the education of girls would, under this scheme, pass entirely into the hands of men. Both "ancient and modern history" show that this is fatal to the interests of girls. The records of our educational endowments, no less than the recent vote at the Universities, proclaim the need for women to manage and plead for their own sex in regard to education.

A timely reminder at this juncture of how entirely the modern revival of education for girls has been the work of women was given by the occurrence on April 9 of "Founders' Day" at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and the unveiling of a portrait of the late Miss Buss, presented by the Misses Annie and Jane Ridley, and placed in the lower school—the higher school having already a memorial of Miss Buss in the form of a fine stained-glass window. It is well to be reminded, at the moment when the Government proposes to leave the care of girls' education to men, that it was in every case women who initiated and laboured for the renaissance of female learning—Miss Buss in this notable school; Mrs. William Grey and Miss Shirreff, aided by Princess Louise, in the Girls' Public Day Schools Company; Miss Davies and Madame Bodichon in Girton College.

As spring-time advances into summer, the perambulator comes more and more into daily use, and the brighter atmosphere makes many a mother desire a prettier vehicle



A NEW PERAMBULATOR
DESIGNED FOR PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

than that which perhaps served well enough for baby's less frequent "constitutional" in dull wintry weather. A sketch is here given of a new perambulator built for Princess Adolphus of Teck by Messrs. Leveson, of New Oxford Street. The body is from a special design, with sunk panels surmounted by a neat iron rail, and rides on easy cee springs. The upholstery is of light, tan-coloured leather, and the hood admits of adjustment, so that it can be extended as partially or completely as may be desired. A white summer awning and a Thibet fur rug complete a very charming little outfit.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



A CLOTH WALKING-DRESS.

with raised satin flowers. Under these latter conditions it is quite lovely and most expensive.

The large sleeve dies hard, to use the sportsman's expression, and certainly in its hardness may be found the cause of its decease; for had it only remained soft and pliable, dropping in gentle folds towards the elbow, instead of setting itself out aggressively, it might have kept its place in our regard for a much longer space of time. However, of the large sleeve I suppose one must write kindly, for *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and I will not speak ill of it, I will merely rejoice over its decease, and venture to chronicle the details of its latest successors. The most attractive amongst these is tight-fitting from the wrist to the armhole in the inner portion of the arm, but on the top, at the outside, is draped a loose, short puff, this hanging rather long towards the elbow, and disappearing entirely to reveal the fact that the sleeve itself is tight-fitting. This is quite a charming style, and needs to be made by the expert. The other most popular fashion of sleeve is the short puff on the top, made in one with the sleeve itself, which wrinkles tightly down to the wrist;

ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS.

St. Jacobs

ARE words familiar throughout the civilized world, words that stand for all that is pure and effective in medicine.

No power on earth has been able to bar its progress, because it did its appointed work.

In every clime and with every people it has worked wonders in alleviating pain.

Its cures of RHEUMATISM have approached the miraculous.

Oil

ITS intrinsic value is the secret of its success—of its world-wide popularity—of its wonderful sale—of its constant growth.

Its virtues are stamped on the hearts of the once crippled and tortured everywhere—never to be effaced while life lasts.

Such in brief is ST. JACOBS OIL, the pain-killing marvel of the century.

Acts Like Magic.
There is nothing so good.

AFFLICTED TWENTY YEARS.

Mr. WILLIAM DEAN, of 6, Barleyfield Row, Walsall, says: "I had been afflicted with Rheumatism almost continually for 20 years. I tried different hospitals, many doctors, and several kinds of medicine, all to no use; was unable to get rest night or day until I used St. Jacobs Oil. I can now sleep well, and am free from pain, perfectly cured."

Mr. J. RADFORD, 83, Whetstone Park, London, says: "I suffered severely from Rheumatism for many years, and although I tried many remedies nothing gave me relief until I used St. Jacobs Oil. The contents of one bottle completely cured me."

ST. JACOBS OIL, in Yellow Wrappers, as supplied by us to the Imperial Stables of Russia, and to the trade generally, for use on Horses, Cattle, and Dogs, is the same as that for Human use, except that it is stronger, more penetrating and is not so perfectly clear in colour as that in White Wrappers for Human use.



Ye bold and fearless Knight "Sir Modern Science," with his goodly shield "St. Jacobs Oil," and trusty sword, doth gallantly rescue that suffering damsel "Humanity" from ye two fierce and ravenous Wolves called "Pain" and "Death."

Mr. THOMAS C. TURNER, Manager of *The Christian Advocate*, writes: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me of Lumbago; and it has been equally effectual in the cure of others to whom I have recommended it."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, London, suffered from Rheumatism in his feet and legs for 20 years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

Mrs. SARAH LARKIN, Burton-on-Trent, 70 years old, had suffered for many years severely from Rheumatism, tried many remedies without benefit, was perfectly cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

Mr. R. STRATFORD TUTE, Justice of the Peace, and Captain of the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, of Granard, County Longford, Ireland, states: "I suffered dreadfully with a sprained ankle, and tried many things without success. Rheumatism set in and left me a complete cripple. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. The effect after three applications was simply marvellous; the pain at once departed, and has not since returned."

Mr. THOMAS JEFFERY, Elborow Street, Rugby, writes: "I had suffered with Sciatica a very long time. For two years I could not get a coat on, but by the application of St. Jacobs Oil to my limbs they are as free from pain and stiffness as they ever were, and I can work with ease."

CONQUERS PAIN.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.,
45, Farringdon Road,
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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

CURES

RHEUMATISM.
SPRAINS.
STRAINS.
BRUISES. SORENESS.
STIFFNESS.
SORE THROAT.
CHEST COLDS.
NEURALGIA. LUMBAGO.
BACKACHE.
HEADACHE.
FEETACHE.

And all Bodily Aches and Pains.
In cases of Gout Vogeler's Curative Compound should be taken internally in conjunction with St. Jacobs Oil used outwardly.

Mr. CHARLES W. SOMERVILLE, of Hassenden Grove Park, Lee, Kent, writes: "While playing at football, I sprained my ankle so severely that for four weeks I despaired of ever using my foot again. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and in three weeks I was able to walk about and go to business; since then I have used the Oil for Neuralgia and Stiffness, and found it equally good."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1895) of Mr. John Lysaght, of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, and Springfield, Stoke Bishop, Gloucester, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on March 23 at the Bristol District Registry by Frederick Percy Lysaght and Gerald Stuart Lysaght, the sons, Alfred George de Lisle Bush, Dennis Portescue Bole, and Sidney Royse Lysaght, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £424,123. The testator gives 350 ordinary shares of £50 each of John Lysaght and Co., upon trust, for his son Arthur Royse Lysaght, and his grandson John Lisle Lysaght; 50 of such shares each to his nephews Sidney Royse Lysaght and William Royse Lysaght; all his interest and shares in the firm of Lysaght Brothers and Co., of Australia, to his said son Arthur; annuities of £200 to Mrs. Emily Sophia Lysaght, and £50 to his niece Frances; £250 each to the Bristol Hospital, the Bristol Infirmary, and the Bristol Dispensary; £100 each to the Asylum for the Blind (Bristol), and the Bristol District Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and legacies to servants and people in his employ. He settles Hengrave Hall and 250 of the above-mentioned shares upon his son Frederick Percy Lysaght. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children (except his sons Frederick Percy and Arthur Royse) in equal shares, but any sums of money or shares advanced to them in testator's lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1895) of Mr. Joseph Brierley, J.P., of Castleton, Rochdale, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 2 by Charles Edward Brierley, Walter Brierley, and Alfred Brierley, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £92,124. The testator gives £8000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Lucy Richmond, Mrs. Agnes Flowers, and Mrs. Edith Mary Lancashire. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fifth each to his sons, Charles Edward Brierley, Walter Brierley, Alfred Brierley, and Frederick Joseph Brierley, and the remaining one fifth to the children of his deceased son, Philip Brierley.

The will (dated April 1, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 4, 1896), of Dame Emily Sarah Amelia Lycey, of 7, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, widow, who died on March 10, was proved on March 25 by John Brouncker Ingle and Francis Ensor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £63,126. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000 each to the London City Mission, the Disabled Fund of the

said Mission, and the Home for Little Boys at Horton Kirby, Farningham; £500 to the Religious Tract Society; £2000, and numerous specific articles of jewellery, etc., to her nephew, Francis John Van de Pant; £500 each to Florence Van de Pant, Constance Van de Pant, and Antoinette Van de Pant; £1000 to Ada Leete; £500 to Major David Lewis; £3500, upon trust, for Caroline Sherlock; £1000 to John Brouncker Ingle; an annuity of £250 to Sophia Nash Nash; £10,000 to William John Figgis, and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between Francis John Van de Pant, F. H. Van de Pant, Horace Van de Pant, and William John Figgis.

The will (dated April 14, 1893) of Mr. Benjamin Scott, of 202, Regent Street, and Daleham House, Daleham Gardens, Hampstead, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on March 27 by Samuel Moses and Henry Farbstein, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £40,522. The testator gives £5000, upon trust, for his father, Saul Scott; £100 each to the children of his brothers, Adolphus and Albert Henry; and £100, upon trust, for the Hull Hebrew Board of Guardians. The residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his two sisters, Gertrude and Beatrice, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1875), with two codicils (dated Aug. 6, 1884, and June 22, 1894), of Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Hitchcock, of 22, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, widow, who died on March 5, was proved on March 31 by Frank George Armstrong Hitchcock, the son, and Howard Williams, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,865. The testatrix gives £14,000 to her son, Frank George Armstrong Hitchcock, and a few other bequests. She appoints under the power given to her by the will of her late husband, George Hitchcock, a moiety of a sum of £15,000 among all his children. All her real and the residue of her personal estate she leaves between all her children living at her death, in equal shares, the share of her daughter Gertrude Armstrong Hitchcock to be held upon trust for her benefit for life, and then for the persons who would have become entitled thereto if her said daughter had died in her (testatrix's) lifetime and unmarried.

The will (dated April 26, 1881), with four codicils (dated Sept. 29, 1891; Nov. 11, 1891; and Jan. 18, and April 13, 1892), of Sir George Elliott Meyrick Tapps Gervis Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Southampton, and Bodorgan, Anglesey, Bart., who died on March 7, was proved on



FOUNTAIN IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH AT COCKERMOUTH.

A handsome granite fountain, surmounted by a bronze figure, has been erected in memory of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, in the park at Cockermouth, the poet's birthplace, and was unveiled by Canon Rawnsley on April 7, the anniversary of Wordsworth's birthday. A procession was made from the Public Hall to the scene of the ceremony, and the occasion was afterwards celebrated by addresses and readings from the poet's works at a public meeting.

Mappin & Webb's

STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE (Regd. 71,552).

Guaranteed to retain its Splendid Appearance and Wear like Silver for 25 Years.



Prince's Plate Full Size Entrée-Dish, Handsomely Mounted, £5 5s. Sterling Silver, £25.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



Breakfast-Dish, with Fluted Cover and Handsome Mounts. Converts into Three Dishes by simply removing the Handle. Large Size in Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



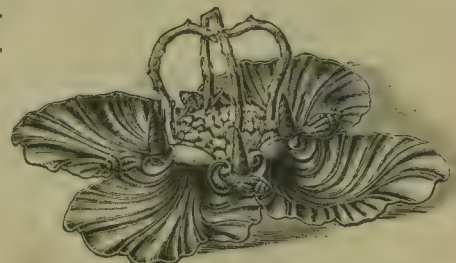
Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, Beautifully Chased in the Style of Louis XIV. Complete as Illustrated. Sterling Silver, £35; Prince's Plate, £18.



Biscuit-Box, Double Opening, Fluted, With Pierced Divisions, In Prince's Plate, £4 15s.



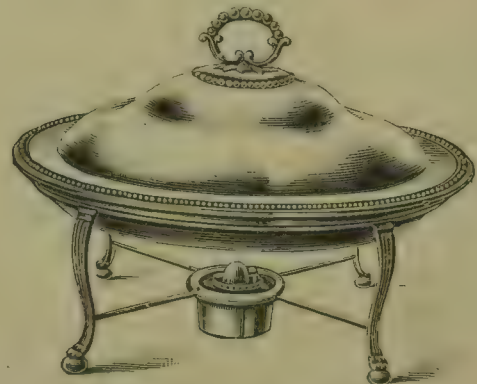
(Registered Design). MAPPIN & WEBB'S "Surprise" Egg-Frame, which encloses Six Egg-Cups in a Casket, thus keeping the Eggs Hot. By a simple turn of the Handle the Egg-Cups are brought to the outside of Casket. Prince's Plate, Richly Chased and Fluted (as Illustrated), 27 15s. Plain, £6 10s.



Prince's Plate richly Fluted Hors d'Œuvres Dish, with Coral and Shell Handles, interior richly gilt, £4 10s.



Revolving Soup-Tureen, with Fluted Cover, in Prince's Plate, £6 5s.



Oval Shaped Hash-Dish, Lamp and Stand, with Loose Inner Dish. Complete, Prince's Plate, £4 15s.

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158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.; & 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD. (FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.)



"Mamma, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?"
 "Certainly, my dear, if you use Edwards' 'Harlene.'"

"HARLENE,"

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

The finest dressing specially prepared and perfumed, fragrant and refreshing. Is a Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet. "HARLENE" PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. THE WORLD-RENOVED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates it! Prevents and Cures all Species of Scurf. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation. 1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. Size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

March 31 by Sir George Augustus Elliott Tapps Gervis Meyrick, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate being £19,755. The testator appoints an expectant sum of £27,000 as to one moiety thereof to his said son, and the other moiety between his daughters Emma and Clara. He gives his house in Clifford Street and certain furniture to his wife, Lady Meyrick, £2000 to Miss Childeroy Compton; a few small legacies to relatives, and devises Cedar Villa to his daughter Fanny. The residue of his real estate is to follow the trust of the settlement of the Hinton Admiral estates, and the residue of his personal property he leaves to his said son.

The will of Mrs. Mary Schuster, of Cannizzaro House, Wimbledon, Ditton, Torquay, and 3, Marlborough Gate, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on March 25 by Leo Francis Howard Schuster, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9147.

The will of Dame Maria Louisa Hume Turton, of 28, Colville Road, Bayswater, widow, the relict of William Gunton, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on March 27 by Miss Clara Jane



NEW ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT EDINBURGH.

Photo Inglis, Edinburgh.

The handsome new building on Blackford Hill, Edinburgh, which is to supersede the old headquarters of Scottish astronomical research as the Royal Observatory of Scotland, was formally opened last week by Lord Balfour, the Secretary for Scotland, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. In an interesting speech Lord Balfour traced the progress of astronomical investigations in Edinburgh since the beginning of the present century, and alluded to the munificence of Lord Crawford, who, when the Royal Observatory was in peril of ceasing to be a national institution, induced the Government to give it a new lease of life by his generous endowment of a new Observatory with his own apparatus and library.

Florence Smith, the niece, and Hamilton Pym Smith, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £558.

The will of Mr. John Broomhall, J.P., of 14, St. James's Road, Surbiton, who died on Feb. 20, was proved on March 31 by Edward Barron Broomhall, the son, and Edgar Atheling Hall, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6718.

An important contribution to the question of Irish Land Legislation was made last week by the presentation to the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, at Dublin Castle, of a petition signed by two hundred of the chief landlords of Irish property and some two thousand of their tenants. The widespread agricultural depression is strongly set forth in the memorial, which urges the need of every advantage available from imperial credit, and the grave importance to new tenants of some definite assistance which shall relieve the burden of initial expenditure so far as is not incompatible with the proprietors' interests. A practical response to such appeals must be sought in the Irish Land Bill introduced by Mr. Gerald Balfour into the House of Commons.

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE

*A Thousand Years scarce serve to Form a State,
An Hour may lay it in the Dust.—BYRON.*

**DIPLOMACY OF STATESMEN, the IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES,
SUPERSEDED in this OVERGROWN DEAD CHRISTENDOM of Ours,
By a Simple FULCRUM, LEVER, & POWER—WHICH FORCE COULD NEVER ACHIEVE!!!**

LOVE would put A NEW FACE
ON this WEARY OLD WORLD in which we
PAGANS and ENEMIES too long; and
IT would WARM the HEART
TO see how fast the VAIN
DIPLOMACY of STATESMEN, the
IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES
AND Lines of DEFENCE, would be
SUPERSEDED by this UNARMED CHILD.
LOVE will CREEP where it cannot go;
WILL accomplish that by IMPERCEPTIBLE
METHODS—
BEING its own FULCRUM, LEVER, and
POWER—
WHICH FORCE could NEVER achieve.
HAVE you not seen in the woods on a late
Autumn morning
A poor FUNGUS or MUSHROOM,
A Plant WITHOUT any SOLIDITY—
NAY, that seemed nothing but a SOFT
MUSH JELLY—
BY its CONSTANT, BOLD, and
INCONCEIVABLE GENTLE PUSHING
MANAGE TO BREAK ITS WAY UP
THROUGH THE FROSTY GROUND,

For of all sad words of Tongue or Pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'—Whittier.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

AND actually to LIFT HARD CRUST ON
ITS HEAD?
THIS is the SYMBOL of
THE POWER of KINDNESS.
THE VIRTUE of this principle
IN HUMAN SOCIETY in application
TO GREAT INTERESTS
IS OBSOLETE and FORGOTTEN.
ONCE or TWICE in History
IT has been tried, in illustrious instances,
WITH SIGNAL SUCCESS.
THIS Great Overgrown Dead CHRISTENDOM
of ours
STILL KEEPS ALIVE at least
THE NAME of a LOVER of MANKIND,
BUT ONE DAY ALL MEN will be LOVERS
AND EVERY CALAMITY will be
DISSOLVED in the Universal SUNSHINE.
Emerson.

LOVE OF LIFE.

'Tis Life, NOT Death,
For which we Pant;
More Life and Fuller,
That we want!—Tennyson.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—“From the days of Naamar the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction, ‘Wash and be clean,’ so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrudging contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO’S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been an Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO’S world-famous ‘FRUIT SALT.’ It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents

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SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will run direct to Epsom and Epsom Downs from London Bridge and Victoria from 11.35 a.m. to 1.20 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction in connection with Trains from Kensington (Addison Road) Station 11.40 a.m. and 12.3 and from Epsom Town Station from 4.30 to 5.45 p.m., and from Epsom Town Station from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

FARES to Epsom Town, Single, 4s.; Return, 7s. 6d.; and to Epsom Downs, Single, 4s. 6d.; Return, 8s.

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The Special Express Tickets may be obtained on and from Saturday, April 18, at the above Railway Stations; also at the West-End Bookings and Inquiry Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and these two offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21.

These Tickets may also be obtained at the Booking and Inquiry Offices, 6, Arthur Street East; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road; Gage and Son's, 122 Strand; Myers' Office, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakes and Co., 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottingham.

LIVERPOOL STREET and the East London Line Stations, via New Cross, to the Epsom Town Station.

Cheap Fare Trains leave Liverpool Street 7.10, 8.30, 9.40, and 10.30 a.m., and Special Fare Trains at 11.35 a.m. and 11.57 a.m., calling at Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Deptford Road.

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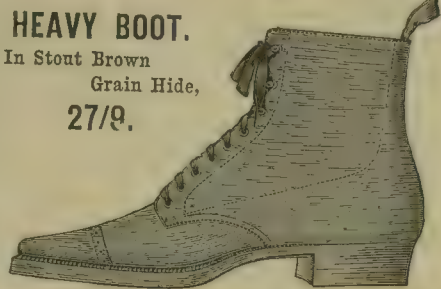
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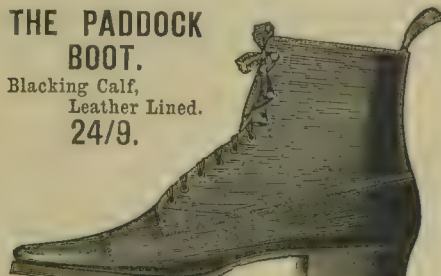
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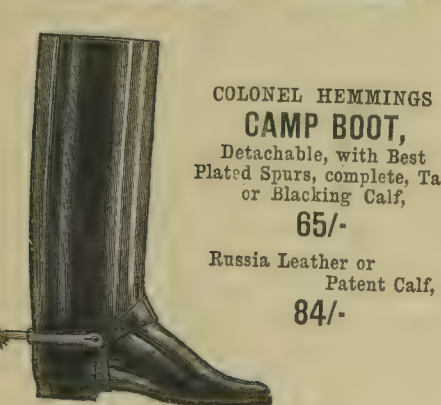
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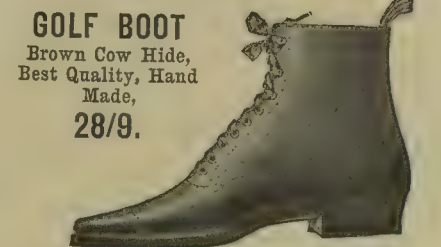
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ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The spring exhibition of the Society of British Artists goes far to dispel the hopes which the winter exhibition had awakened. Once more the temptation of exclusiveness has resulted in a revival of monotonous commonplace. Luckily, the younger men have managed to show their influence; but it is chiefly in obtaining space for their own works at the expense of the outsiders who made the winter exhibition interesting. These works now and then are clever and often full of promise, but, as a rule, are painfully deficient in anything like novelty of idea or reality of fact. The repetition of the same subject, thinly disguised by a different name, suggests the thought that the members of some painting club, who meeting weekly for friendly competition, have subsequently worked up their sketches and now present them as actual landscapes or studies from real life. There are, of course, many exhibitors who are altogether free from any such reproach; but the walls of the various rooms bear witness too emphatically to the suggestion.

In the Central Gallery Mr. Sydney Muschamp's "In Leap Year" (3) is a pleasantly designed and soberly coloured group of a Puritan soldier carefully polishing his cuirass regardless of the attentions of the damsel who is watching him with tender eyes. Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's misnamed "Young Communicants" (9) is a cleverly painted group of boys and girls being prepared for Confirmation. The chief interest of the picture lies in its being a Scotch treatment of a Newlyn subject. Mr. Yeend King's "March Mists" (12) is a new departure in a soberer mood of a landscapist who has too closely identified himself with brilliant colouring; but it does not come up to

the level of Mr. Edmund G. Fuller's "Clear Shining after Rain" (40), which seems a fresh transcript from nature. There is a touch of sentiment about Mr. Francis Black's "Their Last Moorings" (65), a group of old fisher-boats left high and dry; but it is one of half-a-dozen treatments of the same subject, and is of a hackneyed note when compared with Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Marguerites" (79), which a child is gathering with eager seriousness. Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Morning in the Beechwood" (91) is one of the strongest painted of his half-dozen works; but it is not so full of poetic feeling as "A Lonely Land" (235), a really fine rendering of Scotch moorland, of which we get other glimpses in his clever studies, "Evening" (205) and "Morning" (220), where he records with excellent effect the changing lights on some northern firth, with its background of mountains. Mr. George Harcourt's "Dunglass" (131) gives a pleasant treatment of sky and trees; and Mr. J. Noble Barlow has grappled with no small success with a difficult subject, "Midnight" (118) at some small port where the white plastered houses stand out against their dark surroundings in front and rear.

Among the figure subjects by the younger men Mr. Charles Eastlake's portrait (184) of a girl in white, whose lips and hair are of the same hue, is at once forcible and quaint; but in the latter quality it must give place to Mr. W. T. Warren's "Summer" (214), in which the application of the Röntgen rays to the nude figure is worthy of remark, but not of imitation. One is tempted to ask whether the two young ladies who appear so smugly respectable in the picture beneath, "A Prize Bloom" (215), by the same artist, are the same ladies who figure

so unconventionally on the violet-tinted grass? Mr. Leicester Burroughs' "In Varying Moods" (199), three studies of the same face, is a clever piece of brush-work; and Mr. William Hunt's allegorical figure of "Autumn" (226), although shrouded in an almost November fog, is delicate and full of sentiment.

As generally happens at these exhibitions, the water-colours show more variety and originality than the oil paintings. Mr. Albert Kinsley's "Golden Glow of the Dying Year" (274) is very much like what he has done before—but he has seldom been more successful. Mr. Reginald Smith's "Summer Mists" (271) is a good study of rocky headland and translucent green waves. Miss C. M. Hall's "Taken at the Ebb" (292), Mr. Marshall Bulley's "Surrey Common" (304), and Mr. George C. Haite's "Harvest Moon" (296) are all above the average. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, is as delightful and mystical as ever in his treatment of the interior of cathedrals, whether at Orvieto (368) by sunrise or at Rouen (293) in the afternoon; whilst Mr. George C. Haite in "A Frosty Morning" (393) on the Thames shows us that the mist and fog of our country will also lend enchantment to more prosaic subjects.

Great industrial depression continues to prevail in the North-Western Provinces of India, where some 168,000 of the "unemployed" have now been engaged for relief labours provided by the Government. In Rajpootana alone between nine and ten thousand persons are receiving some such assistance, and in Central India the number is estimated at three thousand.

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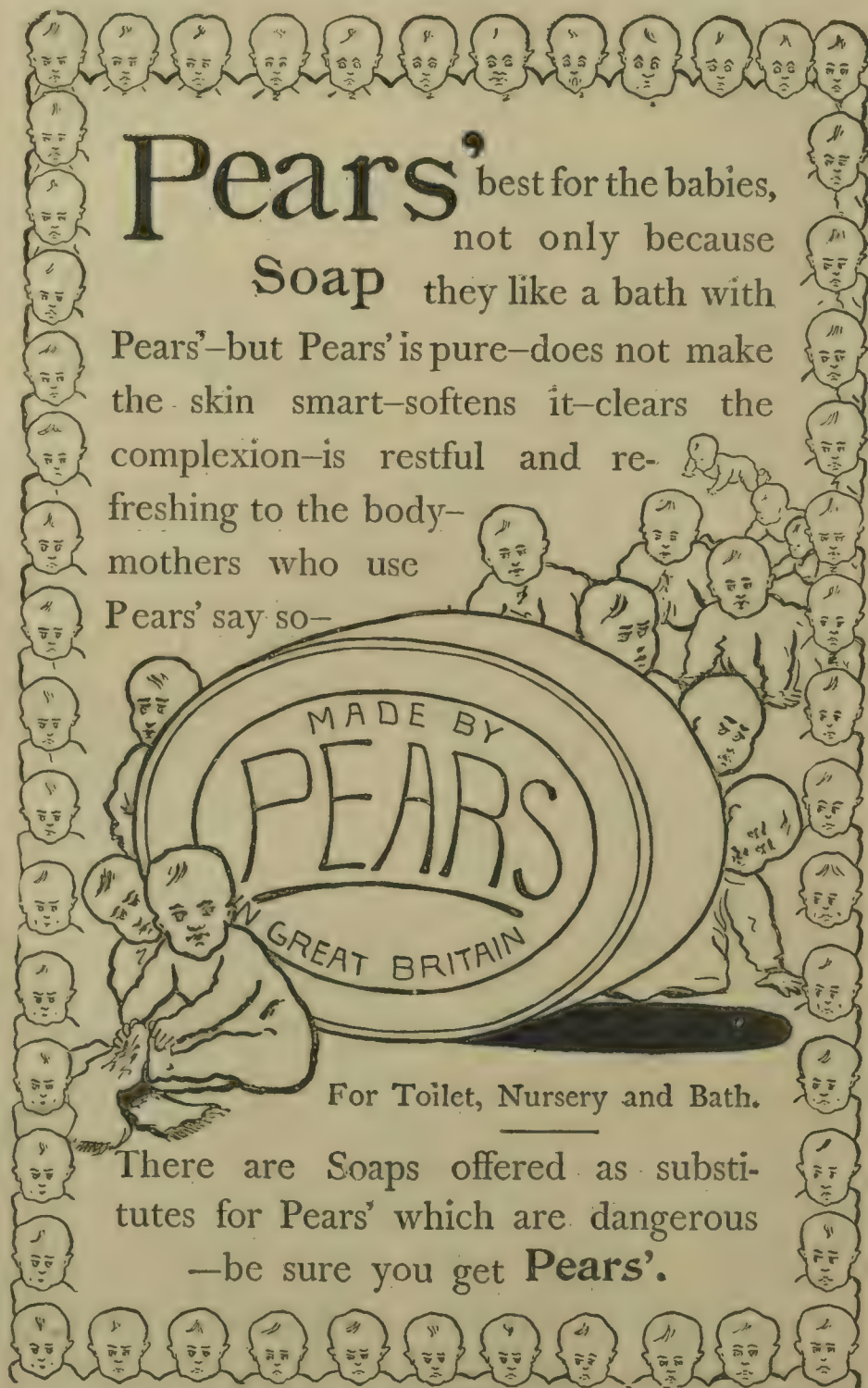
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Said Pasha: "Now, Sir Philip, will you give me your candid opinion as to whether the gigantic advertising we see in your English papers is good for the COMMERCE OF THE COUNTRY?"

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The secession from the Salvation Army in America is not likely to be formidable. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth will take with them about two dozen officers and three hundred soldiers. This does not seem a very promising commencement for the new movement, and it may very likely turn out that the schism will be healed.

A more serious trouble of the Salvation Army is the attack being made at present on the Indian work, or rather on the accounts of the Indian work that have been given to the public. Mr. Booth Tucker has published very rose-coloured accounts of the success achieved, but the missionaries in India contend that these are grossly exaggerated, and that Salvationists are not to be found. There is, in fact, a strong and general agreement that this is the case,

and so far the replies of the Army have been evasive and unsatisfactory.

A new Bishopric has been formed in Canada at Ottawa. Bishop Hamilton, of Niagara, has been elected, and the endowment fund of forty thousand dollars has been collected and banked. The whole sum has been subscribed in the diocese itself, and a very large portion in the rural districts, some comparatively poor parishes contributing over £150. Ottawa has 40,000 inhabitants, more than half of whom are French Roman Catholics. The Church population, which comes next, numbers about eight thousand.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells has offered the living of East Brent to the Rev. Charles de Salis, Vicar of Milverton, a nephew of the late Archdeacon Denison, and the

offer has been accepted. The parishioners are said to be dissatisfied, as they desired that the Rev. H. P. Denison, who has served them twenty-five years, should have had the first offer.

Canon Knox Little is an Irishman. A correspondent of a contemporary well remembers his father and mother living near Dublin about thirty years ago.

Four Roman Catholics were received into communion with the Church of England on Easter Eve at Gorleston Parish Church.

It is pointed out that more and more boys and girls of European parents are being brought up in India, as fewer and fewer of the parents find it possible to send home their children for education in Europe. It is impossible to



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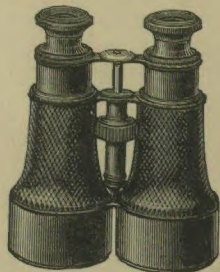
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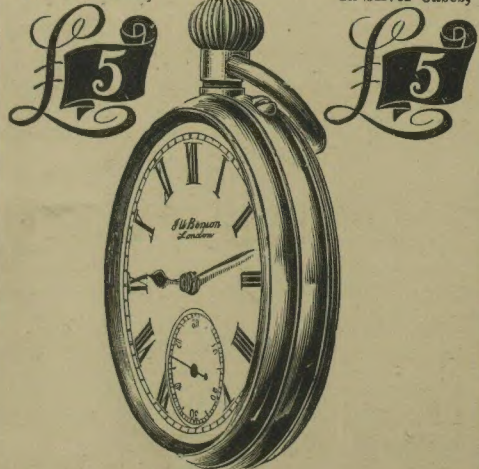
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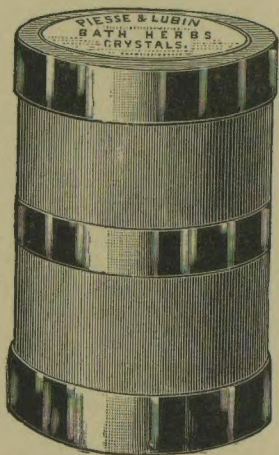
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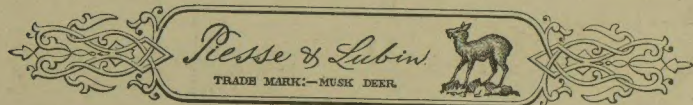
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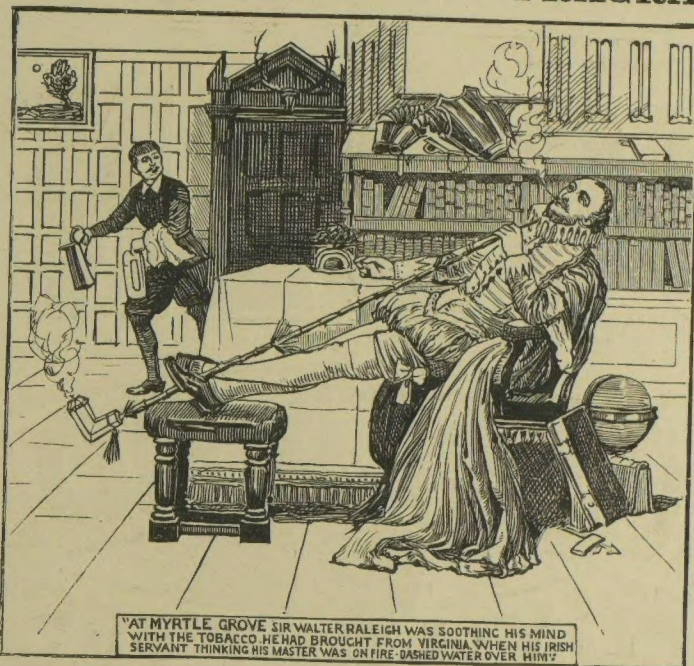
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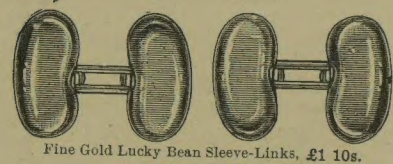
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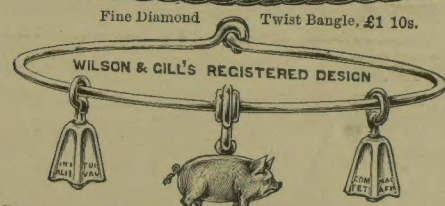
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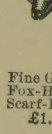
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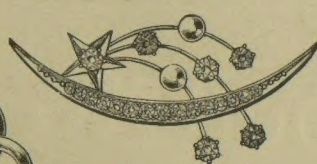
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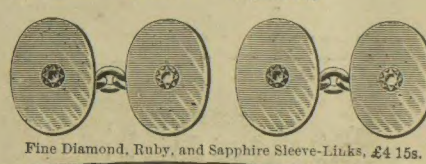
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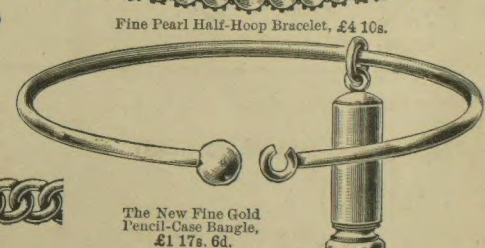
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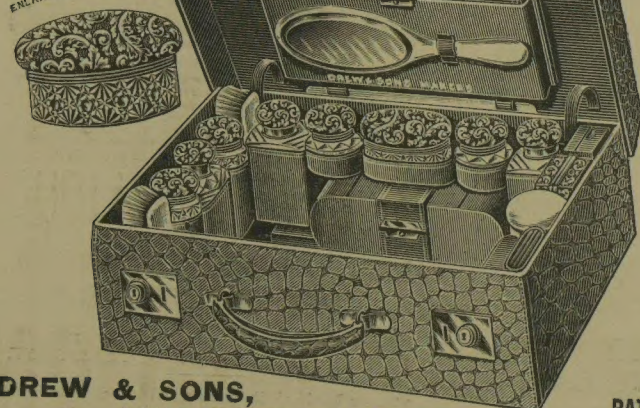
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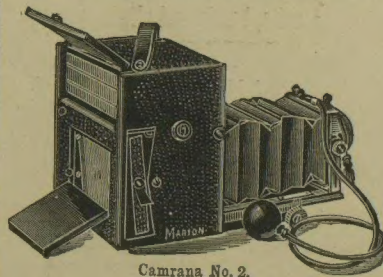
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A new manuscript of the Gospels has been found at a village named Sarumsahly, situated about fifty miles north of Caesarea. Russia has bought it for £900. It is apparently not very important, dating from the year 500 before or after.

The average length of a Congregational pastorate in Great Britain exceeds nine years and a quarter. The number of vacant churches is 165, and there are in England eighty-four ministers without charge.

The net increase among the Primitive Methodists this year is about three hundred. Last year it was nearly six hundred.

The death is announced of the Rev. C. H. Griffith, a Hampshire rector, who did admirable work as a naturalist. He was also an active worker in meteorology, his records

covering more than thirty years. In addition he undertook much experimental work, some of which, such as that upon evaporation and upon the best pattern of thermometer stand, was of great merit.

The latest reports of the health of Professor Henry Drummond are not encouraging.

The living of Portsea, Portsmouth, from which the Rev. E. Jacob has been translated to the Bishopric of Newcastle, has been offered by the Crown to the Rev. Cosmo Lang, who has for some two years been Vicar of the University Church of St. Mary, Oxford. Mr. Lang was formerly curate of the parish church of Leeds, where he was much liked as a parish priest. At Oxford, where he succeeded the late Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes, he has won quite a following, in a comparatively short time, by his powerful preaching. Mr. Lang is himself a graduate of Oxford, and takes a keen interest in scholastic matters. He is Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, of which college he is a Fellow, and is also a University Extension Delegate.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria (West-End) and London Bridge (City) stations direct to their race-course station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station, changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station.

Passengers will also be booked through to the Brighton Company's station in Epsom Town from Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, and all stations on the East London line, changing at New Cross into the special trains from London Bridge.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until ten p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Race-Course Station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations. Tickets to the Downs Station may also be obtained at their City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill; also at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Le denhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race days a special train for horses will leave Newmarket on Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21, at 8.25 a.m., via Liverpool Street and the East London line, direct to Epsom, arriving at 11.50 a.m.

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